
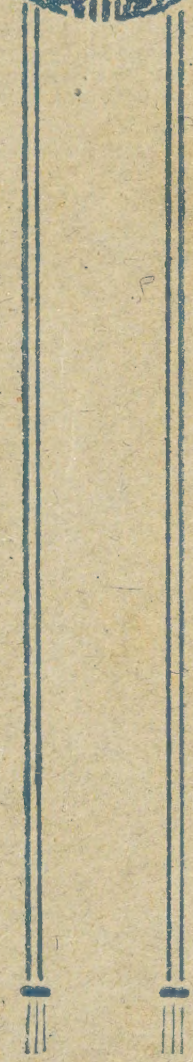
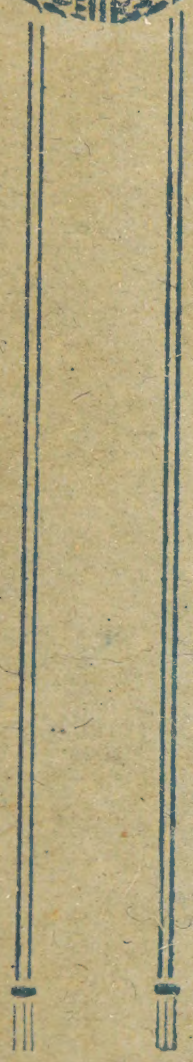


INDIAN CLASS READERS



READER III



ROJA MUTHIAH
KOTTAIYUR-623 100
TAMILNADU • INDIA

6

INDIAN
CLASS READER
III

BY
P. C. WREN, M. A. (OXON.)
LATE INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

ROJA MUTHIAN
KOTTAIYUR-623 100
TAMILNADU • INDIA

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PREFACE.

The series of Indian Class Readers (consisting of Primer, Books I, II, III, and IV) is designed to facilitate the teaching of English in Indian schools.

It introduces no “new method” (for there is no new method), but it does provide something new in the *matter* of presentation — and in the *presentation* of matter.

It is high time that the writers of books for beginners in a foreign language realised two things.

(i) The infinite value of motor activity in relation to the acquisition and understanding of speech in a foreign tongue (as well as of the connection of things with words).

(ii) That the teaching of a language *must*, to be successful, begin with the *unit of speech*, which is a sentence even though that sentence be a single word.

Bearing these facts in mind, and regardless of whether the teacher may prefer to work by the Direct Method, the Translation Method, or a combination of both (which is the best method), the author has begun (with the first lesson of the Primer of this series) with words connected with motor activity and with complete units of speech.

Thus, the first word in the first lesson is " Stand ! " which is a complete sentence and connotes activity.

When a boy *says* something, and at the same time *does* what he says, he is learning to talk in the simplest, easiest and most natural way—whether the method be " Direct " or " Translation ", or both.

Similarly, when the phase of verbs and *motor activity* merges into that of nouns and *things* (together with the qualities and positional relationships of those things), the Primer and succeeding books deal with things produceable in the class-room.

When this class of *things* has been exhausted, and the pupil deals with *things* (and *motor activities*) which cannot be produced in the class-room, admirable and copious illustrations are provided. Thus, when the pupil can neither perform the *action* nor see the *thing* itself, he still has a clear and accurate mental picture correlated with his speech, and forming at once its basis and causation.

Material provided on this system differs very widely from the incredible " *Fat cat sat with a rat on a mat by a hat and a bat,* " and has not only rather more relation to reality, and therefore more usefulness, but is far easier. It is, in fact, commonly found that the Indian child who can read from a card, or book, " Ox, fox, box, cox " quite correctly, is quite as likely to call a box a fox when he

sees one, or a cat a rat when he sees one, as to name the article correctly. This proves that it is, as has been said, far easier to learn English from the class of material provided by this book, than from the "phonic jingle" collection of meaningless words, which have no connection either with *activities* or *things* which come within the sphere of the child's realities.

I I

The old battle of Translation versus Direct Method still goes on, but, has had two important results : —

(i) The realisation of the fact that however "natural" and "right" the Direct Method of learning a language may be, it is inapplicable, in its purity and entirety, in the schoolroom, by reason of the fact, that there are only two parties—the teacher and the pupil. The beginner, thus, cannot hear what the baby, learning its own language in its own country, always hears—colloquial conversation between persons who are masters of the language.

(ii) That after all, *material* is probably even more important than method. A language is taught in order that (in spite of examinations) it may be spoken and understood ; and Readers which, from the first lesson, bring it into relation with daily life, action, and fact, are more practically useful and helpful than those which aim at equipping the pupil

with the knowledge that an “ *ox and a fox, with a box full of socks, fell on some rocks by the docks* ”, and the power to relate that a “ *lad who was sad and bad was driven mad by some fad of his Dad* ”.

Compromise will eventually be accepted as the solution of the problem, and English will be taught “ directly ”, to the extent of the invariable connection of *words* with the *things, actions, qualities, relationships*, etc., which they connote ; while at the same time, every use will be made of the vernacular for explaining difficulties. Meanwhile, whatever method, or combination of methods is adopted by the teacher, these Readers provide him with the best materials, illustrations, and opportunities for conversational composition, (as well as for the acquisition of colloquial idiom, and the practice of grammatical exercises).

For use with each Reader, a Teacher’s Handbook has been provided. These handbooks will enable the teacher to make the best use of the materials provided in each lesson, as well as saving him much time and trouble.

P. C. W.

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INDIAN CLASS

READER III

LESSON 1.

THE THREE FISHES.

Once upon a time three fishes dwelt together in peace and love.

But although they all got along very well together, this was in spite of the fact that they had little in common.

The first fish was very old, very wise, and quick in action. No doubt he had been helped to live to his great age by means of these qualities.

The second fish was far too ready to trust to luck. He always hoped that something would turn up to help him. He relied upon his luck instead of upon himself, which, as the old fish so often warned him, was very foolish.

The third fish was a mere hopeless fool without brains or ability. The other two said: "His brains will never save his skin. It will not be long before he is caught."

One sad day, a man came to the clear and shallow pond in which the three fishes lived.

"Hallo!" said he. "Three fishes! I'll go and get my net."

"Good-bye, you fellows," said the wise old fish, "I'm off."

"Oh, there's no hurry," said the second fish.



"He mayn't come until to-morrow. Let's trust to luck."

The third fish grinned feebly and said nothing.

"Please yourself," answered the first fish. "Good-bye," and he at once swam down the little channel that led to the river.

The other two swam around the pool, remarking how much purer its waters were than those of the river.

Before long, the man returned with his net, and, going to the mouth of the little channel, stopped it up. There was now no way of escape.

How the second fish wished that he had not trusted to luck but had gone off with the wise one as soon as he saw the danger! He swam round and round, sick with fright, but thinking hard all the time.

At last he thought of a plan! It wasn't very likely to be successful but it was better than nothing. Turning on his side, he floated up to the top of the water and lay as though dead.

"Hallo!" said the man. "What a nuisance. That one is no good to me, and one of them seems to have gone. Anyhow there's one left."

And, before long, the third fish, too foolish either to escape with the first one, or to play a trick like the second, was in the man's net.

Now, nearly dead with fear the second fish said: "Let me but escape this once and never again will I trust to luck instead of to wise action. How truly did my good old friend say that Heaven helps those that help themselves! In future I will try to act promptly and wisely and then leave the result with God."

As the man went away with the third fish dying in his net, the second fish thought to himself: "The wise one went away; the fool is carried away; and I, mercifully, am left,—left to choose which of the two I will in future imitate."

LESSON 2.

THE PAPER, THE SLATE, THE PEN,
THE PENCIL, THE INK.

SCENE. A schoolroom.

TIME. The middle of the night.

PAPER. Look here, Pen, old chap, I don't want to be nasty, but I must say I think you might be more careful. Are you aware that you dug a hole in me to-day?

PEN. Well, it wasn't my fault. I couldn't help it. It's all very well for you to blame me; it was that new boy's fault. He doesn't know how to treat me. He doesn't deserve to have a pen. He hasn't even learnt how to hold one yet.

PAPER. New boys are rather trying, I admit.

PEN. I should think so. Before I knew where I was, to-day, he had seized me and simply drowned me in Ink. When I went to write, I could do nothing but splutter. I was choked.

PAPER. I thought Ink seemed upset about something.

PEN. She has been crying ever since. I am getting rather sick of her, though. She is always crying out that she is being wasted.

PAPER. If anyone ought to cry on that account, I think I am the proper person. I weep with rage every time she is wasted.

PENCIL. Haven't you enough to do to cry over your own troubles, without bothering about those of other people?

PAPER. That's just the point, my friend. It *is* my trouble. When Ink gets wasted all over me, what do I look like? I have my feelings and my self-respect. I hate to have a black mess all down my white front.

INK. Excuse me, I am not a black mess, as you call it. I am a blue-black fluid.

PAPER. You can call yourself what you like. The result is the same for me.

SLATE. You should get washed as I do. It wouldn't matter then.

PAPER. We don't wash in our family.

SLATE. Then you can't grumble if you get a trifle dirty.

PENCIL. Whenever we have a new boy in the class, Paper, you always quarrel with Pen, and Pen always quarrels with Ink. Why not make it up and be friends?

PAPER. I never used to quarrel with anyone until I came here.

PEN. You never knew a Pen to speak to, until you met me.

PAPER. Well, you can't do much on your own account. You can't get very far without Ink, can you?

INK. I think Pencil a much nicer person than Pen. In fact I never saw one of the Pencil family wasting Ink.

PENCIL. Ah, that's because we don't have to work together. I go my own way. But I must say, I get on with Paper quite well.

PAPER. Yes, we rub along very well together, except when you try to be too sharp.

PENCIL. That's the fault of that wretched boy again. He cuts me about and frightens me to death with that knife of his. He doesn't deserve to have a Pencil. He can't even sharpen one properly.

SLATE. Oh, he'll learn.

PEN, INK, PENCIL, } But look how we suffer in
AND PAPER. } the meantime!

SLATE. Doesn't everyone suffer in this life? Look at the scratches on me!

LESSON 3.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.



“Will you walk into my parlour?” said the Spider to the Fly,

“’Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I’ve many curious things to show when you are there!”

“Oh, no, no,” said the little Fly, “to ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair can ne’er come down again!”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? ” said the
Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around, the
sheets are fine and thin ;

And if you like to rest awhile, I’ll snugly tuck
you in ! ”

“Oh, no, no,” said the little Fly, “for I’ve often
heard it said,

They never, never wake again who sleep upon
your bed ! ”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, “Dear friend,
what can I do,

To prove the warm affection I’ve always felt for you ?
I have within my pantry good store of all that’s nice !
I’m sure you’re very welcome—will you please to
take a slice ? ”

“Oh, no, no,” said the little Fly, “kind Sir, that
cannot be ;

I’ve heard what’s in your pantry, and I do not
wish to see ! ”

"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty
and you're wise ;

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how
brilliant are your eyes !

I've a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall
 behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle Sir," she said, "for what
you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call
another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went
into his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly would soon be
back again ;

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily
dancing—

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl
and liver wing ;

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest
upon our head ;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine
are dull as lead."

Alas, Alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly
flitting by ;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and
purple hue —
Thinking only of her crested head — poor, foolish
thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held
her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,
Within his little parlour — but she ne'er can out
again !

M. HOWE.

LESSON 4.

THE DRIVER AND HIS DONKEYS.

Once upon a time, there lived an Arab donkey-dealer, who was not remarkable for his cleverness. One day, he sat out for Baghdad, with a dozen of his donkeys.



He jogged along, thinking of the price he would get for them in the donkey-market, and of what he would do with the money. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not been looking after his beasts very well. He began to count them to see that none were missing.

To his horror, he found there were only eleven. Again and again he counted them, as they trotted along before him. Every time the result was the same.

He was about to turn back to look for the missing animal, when he thought he would count once again. This time there should be no chance of any mistake.

Jumping down from the one he was riding, he placed the donkeys in a row. Touching each one as he counted, he found to his great joy that there were twelve. Again he counted to make sure. All was well, there were certainly twelve donkeys in the row.

"What a fright I had!" he said, with a sigh of relief, and again mounted the donkey he had been riding.

After going some distance further, he thought he had better see that he still had the right number of donkeys. Again he found there were only eleven.

Greatly disturbed in mind, he once more sprang to the ground and drove the beasts into a line. Carefully counting them again, he found that there were twelve once more.

He began to think there was something very strange in this, and wondered if some evil spirit

was mocking him and playing him tricks. As he stood, staring in doubt and fear, a wandering priest came by.

The donkey-dealer turned to him, told him all about it, and asked his advice.

“Oh ass, and driver of asses!” said the holy man. “Do you not see that when you were riding, you counted only the eleven donkeys that were in front of you? When you dismounted, you put the animal that you had been riding, with the others. Then you counted him as well, and found that you still had twelve.”

“Heaven bless and reward you, Holy One!” said the dealer. “Great is your wisdom and cleverness.” The priest smiled and passed on.

Mounting again, the Arab rode away, driving the eleven donkeys before him.

“Yes, there are but eleven,” said he, as he counted them. “But the Holy Man said that when I get down they become twelve. Therefore, I know quite well what I must do. I must walk the last part of the way. Thus I shall drive twelve and not eleven asses into the market.”

So saying, he dismounted and trudged along in the dust.

LESSON 5.

LOST AND FOUND.

I lost the brook as it wound its way
Like a thread of silver hue ;
Through greenwood and valley, through meadow gay,
It was hidden from my view ;
But I found it again in a noble river,
Sparkling and broad and free,
Wider and fairer, and growing ever,
Till it reached the boundless sea.

I lost a tiny seed I sowed
With many a sigh and tear,
And vainly waited through sunshine and cold
For the young green to appear ;
But surely after many long days
The blossom and fruit will come,
And the reapers on high the sheaves will raise
To carry the harvest home.

LESSON 6.

CONVERSATION.



LESSON 7.

KINGS.

Have you ever wondered how nations came to have kings? Most of the English and Indian history that you read, is the story of the doings of kings, queens, emperors, princes and rajahs. One seems to have read of very few States that did not have a king of some kind. How did he come to be there?

Long ages ago, when there were few people on the earth, men dwelt together in families. In many places, the families dwelt together in tribes. The greater the number of families in the tribe, the stronger the tribe was.

As in our own households to-day, there was someone at the head of each family. Thus, in a tribe there were many heads of families, but no head of the tribe. It was very soon discovered that it was just as important for the tribe to have a leader, as for the family. The tribe without a leader was like a household without the father.

Which of these many heads of families was to become the head of the tribe? Naturally, the one who was best fitted for leadership. And which one would be best fitted for leadership? The wisest, the most trustworthy, the one of most experience, the one whose advice would be the best.

As a rule, this man would be the oldest or one of the oldest in the tribe. At first, such a man was not actually chosen as leader. People got into the habit of going to him for help, advice and guidance. In course of time, he gradually became the leader of the tribe, because he was the most useful and important man.

People took their disputes to him to be settled. He knew what had been the ancient custom of the tribe in such cases, and gave judgment. Thus he became both law-giver and judge.

Being already the head of his own family, he was already, therefore, a kind of priest too. Thus it came about that, in almost every tribe, the wisest old man was high priest of the tribe, judge, law-giver, leader, and in fact, ruler.

But there was one thing he could not do. When war broke out, this wise old man could not lead the fighting-men out to battle. The very fact of his great age which gave him experience, knowledge and wisdom, made him useless as a fighting-man.

There is a proverb of the ancient Romans which says that, in time of war, the law is silent. And from the very earliest days, the wise old law-giver had to take second place when war broke out. Who then was to take first place?

Why, the bravest, strongest, fiercest, cleverest and most experienced fighting-man in the tribe.

LESSON 8.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.



King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think ;
'Tis true he was a monarch and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad ;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
 As grieved as man could be :
 And after a while he pondered there,
 " I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
 With its silken filmy clew ;
 And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped,
 To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
 And it hung by a rope so fine,
 That how it would get to its cobweb home
 King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
 Straight up with strong endeavour ;
 But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
 As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
 To utter the least complaint,
 Till it fell still lower ; and there it lay
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady — again it went,
 And travelled a half yard higher ;
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below ;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” said the king, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more ;
Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute :
He's only a foot from his cobweb door ;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it ?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

“Bravo ! bravo !” the king cried out ;
“All honour to those who try ;
The spider up there defied despair ;
He conquered, and why should not I ?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
 And beware of saying, "I can't";
 'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
 To idleness, folly, and want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
 Of doing some goodly thing,
 Con over this strain, try bravely again,
 And remember the Spider and King.

ELIZA COOK

LESSON 9.

KINGS. II.

Almost always, there was such a man in the tribe. In time of peace, he had been noted as a hunter and for his skill with weapons. Probably, he was the biggest, strongest, tallest, and finest-looking man in the tribe.

When war broke out, he would naturally take the lead, and the rest would be glad to follow him. Everyone would now turn to him, and rely upon him, by reason of his warlike qualities, just as they had turned to the wise old man for his knowledge, virtue and wisdom.

Those tribes which were nearly always at war, would soon come to regard their best fighting-man as their real leader and ruler. In time of peace, he would still be the chief man, though he would turn to the wise old man for information and advice.

The son of this chief fighting-man would be an important person in the tribe, too. If he inherited his father's great strength, courage, skill and cunning, he would also inherit his father's position. This usually happened, for the son of a fine soldier becomes a fine soldier himself. He has the great advantage of his father's example, training and advice.

Before long, the custom arose of taking the eldest son of this chief or king, to follow his father as king. He, in his turn, led the tribe in war and, with the help of the wisest old man, governed it in peace.

Thus to-day, in very many parts of the world, we find kings ruling states, with the help of a Prime Minister or a vizier.

Often, they are helped by the chief priest of the state, or the chief judge. In some countries, a council of the leading men of the state help and advise the king. In other countries, the people choose a body of men to represent them. These

men make laws and lay them before the king. In other countries again, there are no kings at all. The people choose one of themselves to be their leader and call him their President.

But whether such a man be called President, or King, his duties are still those of a leader and a ruler in peace and war.

LESSON 10.

BETH GELERT.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
“Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

“Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?”

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed ;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood.



Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
 Unused such looks to meet,
 His favourite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
 And on went Gelert too ;
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 With blood-stained covert rent ;
 And all around, the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied —
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hell-hound ! my child’s by thee devoured,”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert’s side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert’s dying yell
Passed heavy o’er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :
What words the parent’s joy can tell
To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.



Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But the same couch beneath,
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear ;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain
 To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe ;
 " Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic blow which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved ;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave.

W. R. SPENCER

LESSON 11.

THE KING WHO BURNT THE CAKES. I.

Alfred was the name of one of the very first kings of England. He was such a wise good king that he is always known as Alfred the Great. He did not find that it was an easy thing to be king of England, for he lived and reigned over the land in times that were full of trouble.

When he became king, England had not been one kingdom for very many years. Hundreds of years ago, there were many kingdoms in England and each of these kingdoms had its own king. At last came a king who was stronger than all the rest, and he made the weak ones own him as their lord. Alfred was this man's grandson.

No sooner was the land one kingdom, at peace within itself, and under one king, than new foes arose from over the sea. At that time, the men of Norway and Denmark were very splendid sailors, and they made ships for themselves in which they sailed the seas in search of plunder. When they sailed to England, first of all they used to go round the coast until they came to the mouth of a river.

Then they would sail up the river as far as they could. Having done this, they would steal

the corn and cattle of the farmers and burn down their houses. Then they would sail away again, leaving ruin behind them. They were really dacoits.

After a time, they came again and did the same kind of thing, until people lived in terror of their coming. Then they came and took land for themselves, and, when Alfred became king, many of these Danes had settled in the land. They were mostly in the north and east of England, and they were always making raids on the country round them and stealing more land and cattle.

It did not seem as if it would be very long before they had taken the whole of England. Alfred saw that he must fight the Danes or he would have no kingdom left to him.

The Danes were good fighters and they had good leaders. At that time, there was no good army in England. Men came to the king to help him, but they found that they could not beat the Danes because they were not used to fighting, while the Danes spent their lives in fighting. Alfred fought many long and fierce fights with these enemies, and sometimes he beat them.

More often, however, they beat him and his followers. At last they killed so many of his men that it was hopeless to keep on fighting them, with the few that were left, and the king himself had to go away and hide, for safety, until he should have made fresh plans.

He went to a lonely place in the middle of a marsh, with woods all round him, and here he waited until he could think of some way in which to drive the Danes back to their own land. When he was in this place he met a poor man who spent his life in minding cows. Alfred spoke to him, and they talked about the Danes and the danger they were to all honest folk. The poor cowherd said how much he loved the king, and how much he wished that he could help him.

"You can help him," said Alfred.

"What can I do?" asked the man, "I am only a poor man and I cannot fight."

"You can give him shelter," said Alfred, "for he has no roof over his head."

Then the poor man saw that he was indeed talking to the king, and that he really could help. He said that he had only a poor hut that was not at all a fit place for a king, but Alfred said he would be grateful to share the hut, however humble it was.

They both agreed that it was most important that no one should know where the king was hiding, so they said they would not tell even the man's wife who he really was. Then the cowherd led the way to his hut. His wife was not at all pleased to have an extra man in the house. She was very cross, and said she had enough

work to do as it was. The stranger smiled pleasantly at her and said that he would help. He lived in this way for many weeks and, all the time, he was thinking of his country and of what he could do to drive the Danes away.

One day, while he sat by the fire mending his bow, the wife of the cowherd told him to watch some cakes she had put down to bake.

"Do not let them burn," she said, as she went out of the hut to gather some wood.



For some time Alfred sat mending his bow and looking at the cakes. At last the bow was finished, and he began to think of the day when enough men would be gathered together again, and he would lead them to battle once more.

He had already heard of many men who were coming secretly to join him and he began to lay fresh plans. He sat for a long time, with his head resting on his hand, and of course he forgot all about the cakes. Presently, the good-wife came into the hut, her arms full of the sticks she had been out to gather. She dropped them on to the floor with a clatter, as soon as she smelt the cakes. She rushed over to the fire and found that they were burnt to a cinder. Oh, she *was* angry!

"You great, stupid owl!" she cried. "Have you no sense at all? What *can* you do properly, if you cannot see that a few cakes do not burn? You do nothing all day but sit and dream by the fire. You are no use to me at all, and I shall see that you stay here no longer."

Alfred smiled and said he was sorry, and the cowherd, who came in at that moment, tried to stop his angry wife, but she would not listen.

"Sorry indeed! I should think you are sorry. You will not watch the cakes for me, but you will eat them fast enough!" She kept on scolding him in this way until at last her husband said, "Hush, I tell you! Why will you not be quiet? It is the King."

Then she was very quiet indeed, and began to wonder just what she had said. She could not believe, at first, that the king himself had been living with them all those weeks.

“I was in the wrong,” said Alfred. “You set me a task and I did not do it as well as I should have done. Will you forgive me?”

After that, the good woman did all she could to make the king happy and comfortable, and the way in which he had burnt the cakes became a joke between them as long as he stayed in the hut.

LESSON 12.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

The King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick — and a King should
know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
 And one was as poor as a rat,—
 He had passed his life in studious toil,
 And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
 His patients gave him no trouble,
 If they recovered, they paid him well,
 If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
 As the King on his couch reclined;
 In succession they thumped his august chest,
 But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, “You’re as sound as a nut.”
 “Hang him up!” roared the King in a gale,
 In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
 The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
 And thus his prescription ran —
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
 In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

Wide o’er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran,
 And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
 But they found no Happy Man.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you,
friend,
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair Sirs," the rascal laughed
And his voice rang free and glad,
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with
the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

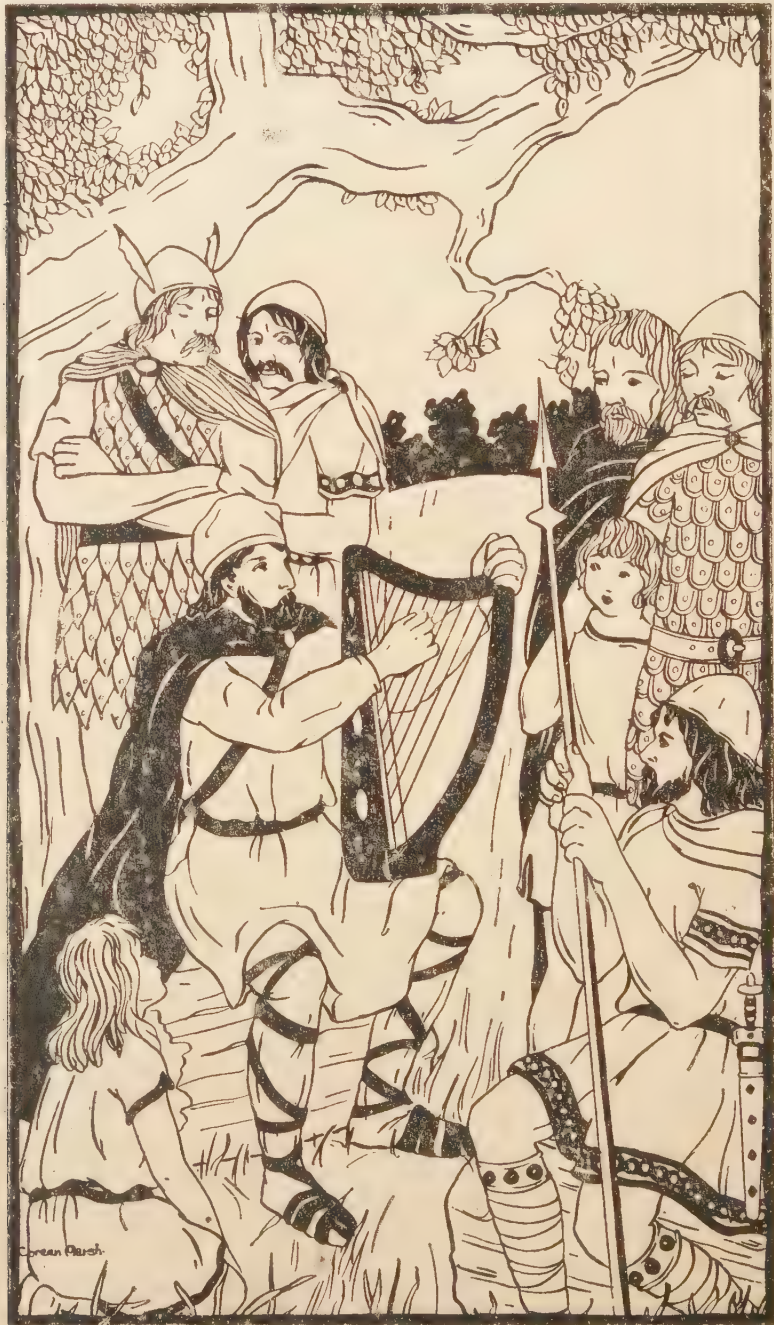
J. HAY

LESSON 13.

THE KING WHO BURNT THE CAKES. II.

Alfred stayed in the hut with the cowherd and his wife until he heard that many men were ready to join him and fight another battle with the Danes. He did not mean to do anything in too great a hurry this time, and he sent them all a message, telling them to do nothing until they had an order from him.

Alfred was not only a soldier, he loved reading and music and could play the harp very well indeed. One day he dressed himself as men did who went about the country making music for people, and, carrying his harp, he went to the camp of the Danes. They were very pleased to see a



man come with a harp, and made room for him to sit in the midst of them, while he played and

sang to them. The Danes were finding it rather dull with no fighting to do, and when they found that the stranger could play the harp well and sing sweetly to them, they made a feast and had a merry time in the camp.

All the time that he was playing, you may be quite sure that Alfred was using his eyes well, and looking around him to see what he could learn about his enemies. He found out exactly how many men the Danes had. He also found out the best way to get into the camp and attack it. He also heard the men talking together, and found out what they thought they were going to be told to do. By the time the feast was over and he had played his harp for hours to the Danes, Alfred knew a great deal about them. When they were all asleep, he took his harp and softly went away out of the camp.

He hurried back to his secret place in the woods and marshes, and then he sent a man with a message. The word was passed round, and, in a quiet and secret way, an army came to the woods, and Alfred told his men all that he had learnt about the Danes. Then he led them out to battle and they fought a great fight with their enemies. This time they were successful and the Danes ran away in all directions. Alfred went after them and never rested until they were so beaten that

they begged for peace. The Danish Chief came to Alfred and, in the English camp, he owned that Alfred was the King of England and Lord of the land. He said that Alfred had beaten him in a great fight, and he asked the king what he was now going to do.

Alfred was very kind to the men who had been his enemies, and let them have a part of the land to live in, as long as they should remember that he was the king and their overlord. They promised to be his faithful servants, and for the rest of Alfred's life he did not have much trouble from the Danes.

When he had made peace in this way, Alfred had time to think about other things that were for the good of his kingdom. He made many wise and good laws. He was fond of books and of learning all that he could from them. He wanted his people to learn, and he built schools for them. The great University of Oxford has grown from a school founded by Alfred. This is very wonderful, for, I must tell you, Alfred died over a thousand years ago.

The great English navy may also be said to have started its life in Alfred's reign. He built a fleet of ships to guard the coasts from attack by fresh bands of Danes. He saw that if England's enemies came from the sea, they must be fought

on the sea, and not allowed to land as the first Danes had done. This fleet of Alfred's was England's first navy.

He was the friend of every man who was good and useful, and his people loved him dearly. When you think of all that he did in those far off times, you will see that it is no wonder that they call him Alfred the Great.

LESSON 14.

BAD COMPANY.

There was once a harmless, good-natured, but foolish young stork, whose bosom friend was a crow of extremely bad character. He was never happy save when in the society of this very undesirable companion.

This was a source of great anxiety to the young stork's relations. They were all very worried about it. Time after time they told him that the crow was a very unsuitable friend for him. They said that they could not understand why he did not choose a friend from among his fellow storks.

His grandfather told him that if he *would* keep bad company, he would certainly get into serious trouble, sooner or later.

"You will come to a bad end, my boy. You mark my words," said the old gentleman.

"Oh, I can take care of myself," laughed the gay young stork. "I know my way about."

"He laughs best who laughs last," replied the grandfather, and took himself off in disgust.

At last the foolish stork left his home and family altogether, and went and took up his abode in the tree in which the crow lived. His parents begged him to come home again, but he refused.

He took no notice of the many warnings of the friends, and continued to go about with the crow.



One day, a weary traveller, passing beneath the tree, stopped and lay down to sleep in its shade.

The stork and the crow both noticed that, as the shadow moved, the traveller lay exposed to the sun. Their actions showed how different were their real natures.

The good-natured stork flew to the ground, spread out his wings, and shaded the traveller's head.

The crow laughed in a coarse and vulgar manner.

"Don't be such a fool," he said rudely. "Why take trouble for a stranger?"

"I have been brought up to do as I would be done by," replied the stork.

"It would be much more fun to wake the man up," the crow said.

"I don't think much of your manners," replied the stork. But the crow only laughed again. A minute later, he flew down and picked up a stone in his beak. Returning with it to the top of the tree, he dropped it on the face of the sleeping man and then flew away.

The stone was a sharp one, and fell with enough force to hurt and awaken the traveller. Seizing his stick, he leapt to his feet and struck the stork with all his might. As he could see no one else, he naturally thought that this was the culprit.

As he lay dying, the poor bird said to himself, "Why did I not listen to the words of my grandfather and avoid bad company?"

LESSON 15.

THE PARROT AND THE CROWS.

A parrot red and blue and green,
Was at a farm-house often seen;
He flew about from tree to tree,
As blithe and happy as could be.

One day the crows pulled up the wheat,
And Poll, too, helped to pull and eat;
He chattered to the farmer's foes,
And did more damage than the crows.

The farmer brought his gun and shot —
Alas for Poll's unhappy lot!

No more on high the parrot rose,
But wounded lay among the crows.

"Bad company," the farmer said,
As Poll was carried off to bed;
"Had you not with the crows been found,
You still had been all safe and sound."

The farmer's children went to see
How Poll had happened hurt to be;

"Bad company," the parrot said,
And sadly shook his wounded head.

Poll soon grew well and hopped about;
But often when the children shout,
He'll perch upon the nearest tree,
And sadly say, "Bad company."

LESSON 16.

CONVERSATION.



LESSON 17.

A BABY IN AFGHANISTAN.

In Afghanistan, when a baby is born, there are great rejoicings in the village. All the relations of the parents of the new-born child gather in the house. Not only do the members of the family rejoice, but all the neighbours and friends.

Directly the joyful news is spread abroad, every man in the village seizes his gun, and rushes to the house. If the baby is a boy, he fires his gun fifteen times; if it is a girl, however, only five shots are fired.

What a terrific noise there must be, if the village is large and the father is popular!

Not only is there the sound of gun-fire; bands of musicians play their instruments and beat their drums as loudly as they can.

The object of all this noise is to drive away any evil spirits which may be lurking near the baby.

All who can do so, press forward into the room in which the parents are, and offer their good wishes.

Bowls of grain, rice and other food are sent out to the poor of the village, that they also may rejoice and wish the baby good luck. All day and all night, the merry-making goes on, and the more heartily if the baby is a boy.

A thick silk or cotton cord is wound round and round the baby, all the way from its neck to its toes; and, for the first two months of its life, it is wrapped up in a silken quilt.

In Afghanistan, people are greatly afraid of what they call "the evil eye," and the baby is watched most carefully. On no account whatsoever, will its parents allow the baby to be taken out of the house at night. It is thought that at night-time, evil spirits are sure to be about. Thursday night is supposed to be a specially dangerous time.

Another strange idea that the Afghans have, is that a baby's nurse must never eat white grain, out of doors, on a starry night.

Many are the dangers which Afghan parents fear for their babies. Greatest of all, they think, is that which comes with a thunder-storm. If the baby is the only child that its parents have, they feel almost certain that it will be struck by lightning.

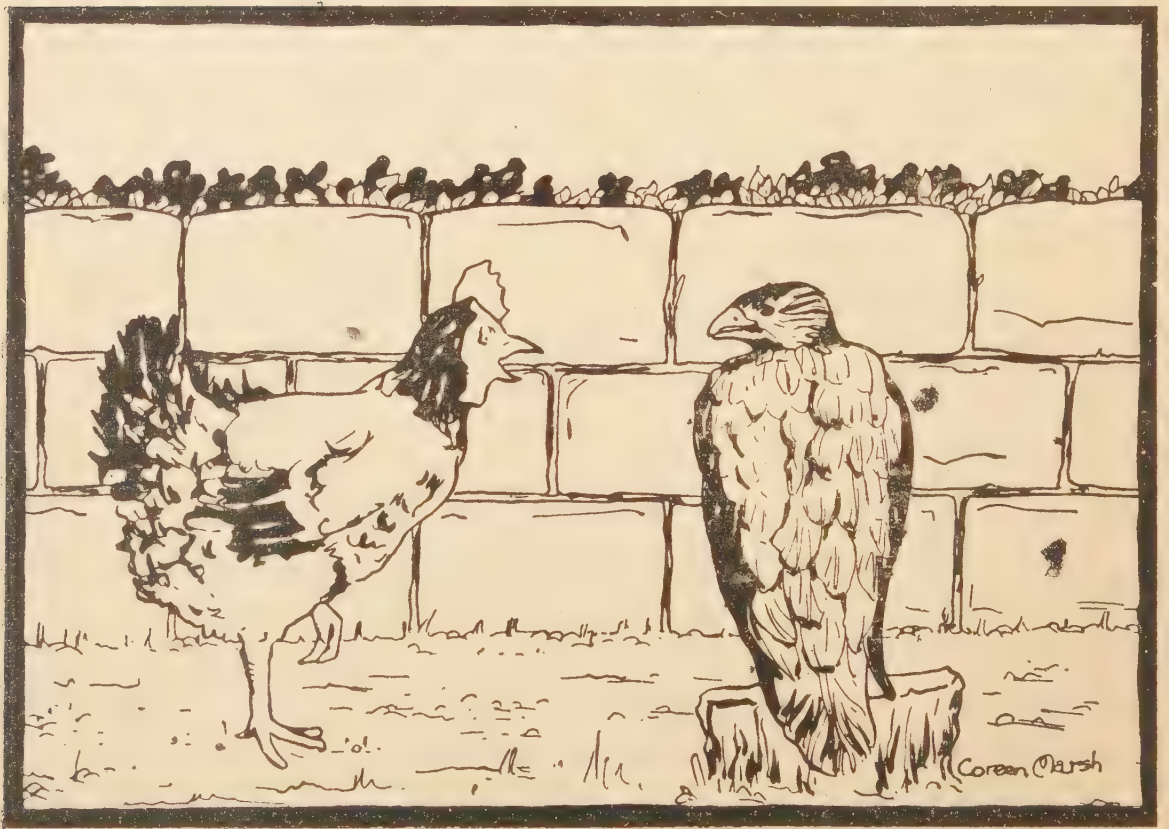
Whenever the baby is carried out of doors, a veil is placed over its face. This is for fear of the evil eye again, and lest the child be looked upon by beggars, criminals, diseased persons, or people of bad character.

When a boy is eight or nine years old, he is sent to the village school. Here he learns passages from the Koran and may be taught to read books

prepared by the *mullahs*. His father teaches him what are considered to be more important things—to shoot, to ride and to use the sword, knife and shield.

LESSON 18.

THE FALCON AND THE HEN.



One day a falcon met a hen, who was grumbling aloud as she walked along.

“How are you?” asked the falcon, politely.

“I am feeling very angry,” said the hen, and indeed, she looked very ruffled. Her feathers were all on end, and her eyes flashed with rage.

“What is the matter?” asked the falcon.

“The usual thing,” answered the hen. “People *will* try to stroke me and I hate them all. I will *not* be stroked and patted.”

“Do not be so disagreeable,” answered the falcon. “People only mean to be kind to you when they do that.”

“Do they, indeed?” clucked the hen. “You may like it but I do not. I tell you that I hate all men.”

“Well,” rebuked the falcon, “I think you are very ungrateful.”

“Ungrateful indeed!” clucked the hen. “I have nothing to be grateful to them for.”

“Oh, yes, you have,” replied the falcon. “You know you are always fed with the very best of food. Your owners look after you, and call you every day to feed you.”

“Well, I must eat,” said the hen.

“So must I,” answered the falcon. “But who thinks of bringing me a good meal, as they do for you? People even give you a nice warm bed at night. They do not do that for me, I can tell you. They even make a house for you, and put wire all round it so that you are protected from your enemies, the foxes.”

"Foxes are not my only enemies," grumbled the hen.

"You want far too much," continued the falcon. "As I said before, you are very ungrateful. Men do all this for you, and yet when they want to take hold of you, you get angry and run away. No one must touch you. They don't do nearly as much for me as they do for you, and yet I allow the men to hold me, and I serve them well when they go hunting."

"Ah!" said the hen. "That is all very well. What you say is true as far as it goes. But just remember this. You are kept for hawking, and for that alone. You are not fattened up for food."

The falcon owned that he had not seen the matter quite in that light.

"It is true," said he, as he turned away, "that you have good reason for thinking as you do."

LESSON 19.

THE COW AND THE SHEEP. I.



SHEEP. Hullo! How are you getting on?

Cow. Hullo! How are you?

SHEEP. I'm very glad to see you again. It's ages since we met.

Cow. Yes, I don't often come up on the downs.

SHEEP. I can't understand why you come so seldom. I love these chalk hills, with their short, springy turf. It's like so much velvet.

Cow. You're always saying that. Personally, I prefer the meadow-land, down by the stream.

SHEEP. No! Do you really? I hate that long, coarse grass. If I lived down there I should always be hungry.

Cow. Hungry? Well you are hard to please. It makes my mouth water just to think of that lovely, long, juicy grass.

SHEEP. Well, you are welcome to it as far as I am concerned. To my mind, this short, crisp grass is far and away the nicer food.

Cow. It's a matter of taste and we won't quarrel about it. I suppose it's because we have been brought up in different circles.

SHEEP. I suppose so. I have noticed that your habits are not quite similar to mine. I dare say they are just as good in their way though.

Cow. Yes. It takes all sorts to make a world. By the way, was your mother very particular about the way in which you ate your food? From my youth up, I was taught to chew my food over and over again. I was not allowed merely to bite the grass off and swallow it. I was taught to bring it back into my mouth from my stomach, and to keep on chewing it again and again, until it was just juice.

SHEEP. Yes, I do it too. They call it chewing the cud.

Cow. Yes, that's it. What a lot of you there are up here. Do any of you ever go astray and get lost?

SHEEP. Oh no, very seldom. We all keep pretty close together, and where one goes, the rest follow.

COW. Do you spend the night out here ?

SHEEP. Good gracious, no ! That would not do here, in England. We should all catch cold, and some of the silly young ones would be sure to wander away and get lost. We should be frightened too.

COW. How do you know when it is time to go home ?

SHEEP. Our shepherd comes with his dog. He collects us all together and then we go home.

COW. Why does he bring a dog ?

SHEEP. Oh, it's a trained sheep-dog, you know. It runs round the whole flock. He barks at us and tells us we are all to get together. He really does all the work. He drives us along, and soon brings back any foolish youngster who tries to leave the flock, or to lag behind.

COW. Where do you spend the night then ?

SHEEP. In the sheep-fold. It's a kind of small field, all fenced in. It is only just big enough for us and we are so close together that we keep each other warm. The shepherd always counts us as we go in the gate.

COW. Is this he coming now ?

SHEEP. Yes, I shall have to be off. Good-bye.

COW. Good-night. See you to-morrow, perhaps.

SHEEP. Yes, I shall be somewhere about, in the morning.

LESSON 20.

THE COW AND THE SHEEP. II.

Cow. Good-morning. Here we are again.

SHEEP. Good-morning. How do you do ?

Cow. Glorious morning, isn't it ?

SHEEP. Yes. I'm glad that wretched east wind has dropped.

Cow. I suppose you've never been out of England, have you ?

SHEEP. No. I should rather like to go abroad. An enormous number of my people have settled in Australia and New Zealand.

Cow. Really ? I have relations in those parts too. On the whole though, my folks seem to 'ancy America more.

SHEEP. Oh ? From what I've heard about the place, New Zealand appeals to me. By all accounts, there are thousands and thousands of square miles of grass-covered downs. Just the real, right sort of grass. Yes. Now I come to think of it, I have heard that my cousins prefer New Zealand to Australia.

Cow. Why is that ?

SHEEP. Drought. They sometimes have seasons in Australia when water is terribly scarce. No rain falls, and the rivers dry up. One year,

things were so bad that thousands of our friends died of thirst. It was a dreadful business. And of course, apart from the question of thirst, there was soon practically no grass...Yes, my poor friends had an awful time.

Cow. Poor things! I have never had quite such bad news as that from America. I believe that rainfall is quite regular in the cattle-country there.

SHEEP. I believe things are improving in Australia. There is more irrigation, and they manage better during times of drought. Still, water is the great problem.

Cow. Have you any friends in India?

SHEEP. Oh, yes, quite a lot, but it is not an ideal country for us. We don't do very well there. I have heard that our Indian relatives are very under-sized and poor in wool. Have you any people in India?

Cow. Oh, yes, any amount. Our family is greatly respected there. I don't know that there's any place in the world where they think so much of us.

LESSON 21.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

“Forward, the Light Brigade ”
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

A. TENNYSON

LESSON 22.

CONVERSATION.



LESSON 23.

THE SEA.

It is not very easy to imagine what the sea is like, if you have never seen it. If you have seen the River Indus, or some other great river, the task is easier.

If you pretend that you cannot see the opposite bank of a river and that the water stretches to the horizon, you have some idea of what the sea is like.

When one stands on the sea-shore and looks out to sea, there is nothing to be seen but water and sky. You can no more see to the other side of the water, than you can see to the other side of the country on which you are standing.

A sailing-boat can sail for weeks and weeks without coming in sight of land. A fast steamship can steam for many days without coming in sight of land.

We might call an ocean, a continent of water, and a sea a country of water. As you know, there are five continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia. There are also five oceans, the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, Arctic and Antarctic. Just as in these continents there are many countries, so in these oceans there are many seas.

Make a picture in your mind, of yourself standing on a ship which is sailing on the sea. You look all round you and can see nothing but sky and water.

This great space of water is never still. Night and day, all the year round, in calm weather and in rough weather, it is always moving. Sometimes there are only tiny ripples, and baby waves, such as you may see on a river or on a pond. Sometimes there are huge waves, so big and strong that the greatest ships are tossed up and down upon them.

Waves are made by the wind. If you blow upon water in a basin, you can make ripples and waves upon it.

If you have some water in a glass or basin, you can see no colour in it at all. But the water in the sea sometimes looks green, sometimes it looks grey, and sometimes, a very beautiful blue.

This is because the water is so deep, and the colour of the sky is reflected in it. If you were to put a little sea-water in a glass, you would find that it looks just like other water.

You would not like it if you were to drink it, for then you would find it very different from other water. It has so much salt in it, that it would taste very nasty and make you ill if you drank much of it.

Millions of years ago, the sea entirely covered the earth. There was no land anywhere. All living things were in the water. In course of time land appeared above the water. There is still very much more water than land on the earth's surface.

Fresh water, containing no salt, comes to the earth by the action of the sun upon the sea. The heat of the sun causes water-vapour, or steam, to rise from the sea. This water-vapour forms clouds and the clouds fall in the form of rain. No salt can rise with the water-vapour.

The sea is richer in vegetable and animal life than the land is. There are creatures larger than elephants, and others smaller than the smallest insects.

Not all the inhabitants of the sea are fish. There are animals such as the whale, which have warm blood, and do not lay eggs. Fish have cold blood, lay eggs, and are covered with scales, as birds are covered with feathers.

LESSON 24.

THE MONKEY AND THE PEAS.

There was once an Eastern monarch of great power and wealth. Few kings ruled over such wide and varied territory as he. But, far from being content, the more he possessed, the more he desired.

After reviewing his army one day, he said to his vizier, "It is time we had another war. The army only rusts in these days of piping peace."

The vizier said nothing, for he was a wise man, who did not believe in unnecessary wars.

The king issued his orders however, and led his army to attack a small neighbouring state. In the evening the army halted, to rest and cook some food.

After the king had eaten and talked with his chief officers, he strolled through the camp with his vizier. Under some trees, a group of soldiers had boiled some peas.



As the king passed, he saw a monkey jump down suddenly from a tree and seize a handful

of the peas. Quickly, it climbed up again on to a high branch and began to eat the peas.

The king then noticed that the monkey, gobbling greedily, let a pea fall to the ground. The silly creature looked down for a moment and seemed horrified at the bare idea of losing a single one.

Chattering with rage, it began to climb down to the ground, to hunt for the pea that it had dropped. In so doing, it soon dropped all the rest. Just as it reached the ground, the soldier who had boiled the peas jumped up and threw a stone at the monkey. Swiftly it fled for its life, up into the tree again.

There it sat, jabbering with anger and looking as injured and sorrowful as a man who had lost all his wealth.

The king laughed. "What do you think of that?" said he, turning to his vizier.

"It seems to me, Your Majesty," replied the minister, "a very good example of what happens when one risks all to gain a little."

The king pondered a while, and then said, "A monkey risking a handful of peas for a single pea! A king risking a mighty kingdom to gain a tiny one!...And both thieves, in any case!..."

Next morning, the army marched back again, and the two countries enjoyed the blessings of peace instead of the horrors of war.

LESSON 25.

A TREASURE HUNT IN THE SEA. I.

In the days when Akbar, the Great Moghul, ruled in India, Elizabeth was queen of England, and Phillip II. was king of Spain.

Phillip, who already ruled much of Europe as well as of America, was very anxious to conquer England also. He found a good excuse in the fact that Elizabeth helped the Dutch to defend their country against him. Moreover, Drake and other British sea-men frequently attacked and captured Phillip's treasure-ships. These were great vessels which sailed from South America to Spain, laden with bars of gold from the mines of the Spanish possessions.

To punish Elizabeth and to conquer England, Phillip gathered together a huge fleet of fighting-ships. So certain did it seem that this great fleet must conquer the little English navy, that it was called the "Invincible Armada". This means "the fleet that cannot be defeated".

However, defeated, it certainly was. Of one hundred and thirty-two ships which sailed from Cadiz in Spain, only fifty-three returned. These latter made their way home by sailing right round Great Britain.



The north and west coasts of Scotland are very dangerous. The sea is rough and full of rocks. Terrible storms are common, and wrecks are very frequent. On these shores many of the great ships of the Armada met their fate. They escaped the fierce attacks of Drake and the other captains, only to be wrecked on these wild shores.

One of the Spanish ships, more fortunate than the rest, found its way into a little harbour and there cast anchor.

At that time, the people of Scotland lived in tribes, or clans, and one clan was often at war with another. It happened that, when the Spanish captain ran his ship into this harbour, the local Scottish chief was at war. The Spanish captain wanted food and water, and the chief said he would sell him whatever he wanted, if he would lend him some of his soldiers.

The captain agreed, and the Scotch chief actually led Spanish troops against the clan with whom he was at war. Meanwhile, food and water were being taken on board the Spanish ship.

When the Scot brought back the Spanish soldiers from the fight, he asked for payment for the provisions. The Spanish captain told him to send for the money on the morrow. That night he made ready to sail without paying what he owed.

A Scottish fisherman, however, saw what was happening and hurried off to inform his chief. The chief at once sent his servant, a man, named Donald, to receive the money. Since the Spanish captain was in a hurry, the chief did not wish to delay him. It did not occur to him that the Spaniard wished to cheat him.

Donald, however, found that this was exactly what the Spaniard meant to do. There was no time for him to return to warn his master, and what could he, alone, do against hundreds? Quietly, he crept below and made his way to the powder-magazine.

Without thought for his own life, he set fire to the gun-powder, and, with a terrific explosion, the ship blew up. Of all the soldiers and sailors on board, only three escaped.

These three Spaniards never returned to Spain. They lived the rest of their lives in Scotland, married, and had children there.

LESSON 26.

A TREASURE HUNT IN THE SEA. II.

When the three Spaniards told their children and grandchildren, in after years, the tale of the Invincible Armada and its fate, they often spoke of treasure.

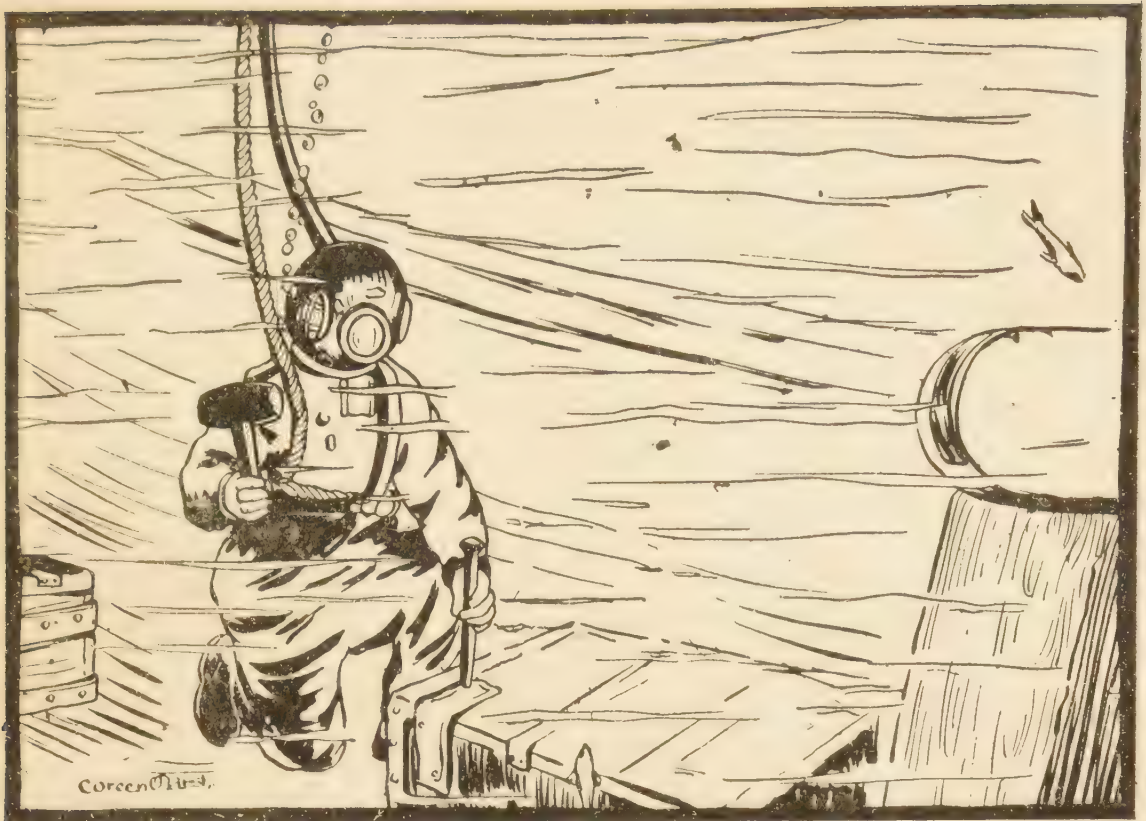
Their ship, which lay at the bottom of the harbour, had carried an enormous sum of gold. It was, in fact, the treasury, or pay-master's ship of the fleet.

Ever since then, attempts have been made, from time to time, to recover this money. People argued thus:—There undoubtedly is a Spanish ship sunk in the harbour. Actual survivors from this ship declared that she was laden with gold. The gold is certainly there, and, with the help of skilful divers, could be recovered.

No one, however, has been very successful hitherto, though the divers have brought up relics of the sunken ship.

Have you any idea as to how men are enabled to work under the sea? It is obvious that they must be supplied with air. They must also be protected against the enormous pressure of the water.

A diving-dress has been invented, consisting of a very strong helmet and a thick water-proof suit.



In the helmet is a window of thick glass through which the diver can see. From the top of the helmet, an india-rubber pipe goes up to the deck of the diver's ship. Through this, air can be pumped to the diver, down below.

On the diver's feet are boots which have enormous thick soles of lead. These keep him from floating up the surface of the water.

In one of these diving-suits, a man can go to the bottom of the sea, walk about, use tools and do work of all kinds.

The wreck of this Spanish ship lies at a depth of about sixty-six feet. This is not a very great

depth for divers, and the ship has been thoroughly examined. The floor of the sea, all round it, has also been explored.

Probably, however, the chests of gold have, long ago, been deeply buried beneath the ooze and mud and sand.

At different times, the divers have brought up a number of coins, a gold ring, two heavy silver dishes, guns, swords, armour and the bones of men and horses. Many cannon have been found also, some of them loaded.

It is difficult work getting these things clear of the wreck, for, in the course of over three centuries, it has become over-grown with seaweed and shell-fish. The water has washed much of it away and covered the rest with sand.

Although they have found the things I have told you, so far they have not recovered the great treasure. If the ship really did carry it, as many people believe, then it is still down at the bottom of the sea, waiting for some more fortunate diver to find it.

LESSON 27.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For, should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride —
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady:—

“And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and
shade.

His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief
Across the stormy water:
“And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!”

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the
shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL

LESSON 28.

THE JACKAL WITHOUT A TAIL.

There was once a jackal who became too proud to live with his brothers, and who always went hunting by himself. He was very vain of his fine coat and bushy tail. One day he was walking along, thinking how fine he was, and he said to

himself, "See my fine tail. Not one of the other jackals has a lovely tail like mine."

He was so busy thinking about his own good looks that he forgot to watch where he was walking, and, just as he was thinking about his tail, he found himself caught fast in a trap. The trap held him firmly, and he found that it had caught him by the tail which, up to that time, had always given him so much joy.

He tried hard to free himself, and pulled this way and that, but it was useless; he still remained fast in the trap. For hours he tried every trick he could think of; then he rested for a little while and tried to think of a fresh plan.

It was all no good, and at last he saw that he must do one of two things. He must either stop where he was and die an awful death, or he must get free by leaving his tail behind him.

He hated the thought of this, but, in the end, he saw that it was the best thing to do. He wished he had been like the lizard whose tail would have just dropped off, had it been caught like this.

It was no good wishing, however, so with very great pain, he had to bite and struggle and pull until he had pulled off his fine tail. He had loved it so much, but it was now the cause of all his trouble.

He was free but very, very unhappy. For a long time he hid himself, but he could not hide for ever; he was one of those jackals who *must* find someone to talk to, down by the river, at night.

So, one day, he could bear being alone no longer, and went down to the old meeting-place. His friends stared at him and said, "Where have you been all this while?"

"On a journey," he answered, as he sat down.

"Where did you go?" they asked.

He found it very hard to answer all their questions because he did not want to tell them the truth. Then a young and lively jackal danced all round him, and called to the others: "Do look! He has lost his tail!"

"What?" they yelled, "*Lost his tail?*"

They crowded round, and all had some remark to make. It was no use his saying to them: "Nice people would not notice it," for they all agreed that he had lost caste for ever. His face was blackened.

The poor fellow became more and more unhappy, and was so sad at being thus shamed that he almost wished that he had died in the trap. Then his friends would have had nothing but pity for him.

He stopped in his home for many days and nights, thinking what he could do, and, after a time, he thought of a good plan.

He sent a young jackal, who was playing in a field, to call all the other jackals together to the meeting-place down by the river. Then, instead of joining them quietly, as though he were ashamed, he trotted into the midst of them all, in his former bold proud way.



They all sat round in a circle, and he made a speech. "My friends," said he, "I have called you here to tell you that I have found out a great thing. I have always thought that tails are very useless to us. They get in the way, and are

nothing but a curse. As you know, after much thought, I got rid of mine. At first I felt strange without it, but to tell you the truth, I have never enjoyed myself so much, or moved so freely about the jungle, as I have since I got rid of it. I can tell you all, my good friends, that if you will only do the same, you will be happier than you have ever been before."

He looked round to see what they thought of this speech. One or two of the young ones thought it might be a good plan, but these were the ones whose tails were rather thin and ugly.

The old jackals put their heads together, and made up their minds that the tails they had had all their lives might just as well stay with them for the short time that remained.

Of course, all those with fine tails said that it was a very bad thing to lose one's tail. Then they turned to the oldest and wisest of them all, to hear what he thought about it.

This old grandfather had seen and heard many things in his time. He knew all about traps and things like that. He had had one or two lucky escapes. They all smiled when he said :

"I believe, my friend, that you did indeed find it a very good plan to part with your tail ; and when any of us are in the same fix, we will think of what you say, and perhaps we will do the same."

Afterwards he told all the young jackals that they should not trust those people who, for their own benefit, gave bad advice to others.

LESSON 29.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—— A simple child

That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? Seven in all, ” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! —I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree.

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s
door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with
snow.

And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,

“If they two are in Heaven?”

Quick was the little maid's reply,

“Oh, master! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
 Their spirits are in Heaven ! ”
 'Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

W. WORDSWORTH

LESSON 30.

GLASS. I.

BAPU. (Govind's father). Would you care to have these beads, my boy ?

GOVIND. Thank you, father. They look like rubies, emeralds and sapphires, don't they ?

BAPU. Yes, they do. You know what they are made of, I suppose ?

GOVIND. They are made of glass, aren't they ?

BAPU. Yes, they are, though they are quite like jewels at first sight.

GOVIND. How do they make these little round balls of glass ? If you try to bend or cut a piece of glass, you always break it.

BAPU. Not if you try to bend it in the proper way. Have you never tried to bend a glass rod in the science laboratory at school ?



GOVIND. Why, of course. How silly of me! We had a special lesson, one day, to show us how to bend our glass tubes.

BAPU. Did you ever try to close the end of a glass tube?

GOVIND. No, father. I don't think we ever had to do that.

BAPU. It's quite easy, if you have the right kind of flame and a blow-pipe. Do you know what glass does, if heated sufficiently?

GOVIND. I know that it becomes soft.

BAPU. Yes, and more than that, it melts.

GOVIND. Like ice, turning to water ?

BAPU. Well, more like a lump of toffee or similar sweetmeat melting in the sun.

GOVIND. Then I suppose the end of a glass tube would just drip when the heat was great enough.

BAPU. Yes. Round drops of glass would fall like drops of water.

GOVIND. Who first invented glass ? He did mankind a good turn, whoever he was.

BAPU. Yes. We should be hard put to it, to do without glass nowadays, shouldn't we ? No windows, no bottles, no mirrors, no lamp globes ! It *would* be a business ! But I can't tell you who first invented glass.

GOVIND. Is it a very old invention, then ?

BAPU. Oh, yes. At least four thousand years.

GOVIND. Fancy that ! Is it known which people used it first ?

BAPU. Yes, the Egyptians. I suppose the oldest known reference to glass is a picture found in an ancient Egyptian tomb.

GOVIND. A picture of what ?

BAPU. Of two men actually making glass. A tall vase stands between them and each man is holding a blow-pipe, very like those in use to-day.

LESSON 31.

GLASS II.

GOVIND. Isn't that interesting? I suppose there is none of the glass of those days left now, is there?

BAPU. Oh, yes. Any amount of it, in museums. You can still see glass four thousand years old. And very good glass too. It is not quite as transparent as our glass, but it served its purpose.

GOVIND. I am not sure that I know what glass is made of.

BAPU. Sand. You'd hardly think that, would you?

GOVIND. No. Is it really? And yet sand itself is not transparent.

BAPU. No. Something has to be added to the sand, of course. I'll tell you the story of how glass was discovered. It was like this.

The Arabs noticed something about the ashes of a certain plant which they used as fuel. This ash was just the opposite of anything acid, as heat is the opposite of cold, or black the opposite of white.

GOVIND. I know! Alkali!

BAPU. Yes. That's the name the Arabs gave the ash. We now call such things as soda, potash, nitre and other substances, alkalis, because

they are the opposite of acids. And an alkali has to be mixed with sand for the making of glass.

The story goes, that many centuries ago, an Arab ship, filled with nitre, was cast ashore during a storm. Next day, the sailors made a fire on the sand. Looking for some stones to put under a cooking-pot, they picked up some of the lumps of nitre which had been in their ship.

GOVIND. But the nitre would melt, wouldn't it?

BAPU. Exactly. That's just what happened. It melted and mixed with the sand. When the fire went out, it was noticed that some strange new substance was under the ashes. It was hard and shining and transparent.

GOVIND. It was the first glass!

BAPU. Yes. And made by melting sand and nitre together.

GOVIND. And do they still get glass in the same way?

BAPU. Yes, more or less. They have found out that they can mix other things besides nitre with the sand, and they get different kinds of glass in this way.

GOVIND. Yes, of course there are several kinds of glass. Common bottles are very different from glasses that are used for vases and drinking glasses, or even windows.

BAPU. You would like to see a man make a glass vase. The body is blown into shape, then a red-hot blob of glass is added at one end and quickly turned into a stand. Then while the glass is still hot and soft, it is cut into a pattern.

GOVIND. How do they cut it?

BAPU. They cut it with scissors, just as easily as if it were paper.

GOVIND. I suppose glass is never very valuable as it can be made so easily.

BAPU. Some glass is very valuable indeed. It was made some hundreds of years ago by the people who lived in Venice. They had a secret way of making it, so that it was more beautiful than any other glass in the world.

Some glass made in England is also very valuable. It is called "flint glass". They found that by adding certain amounts of lead and flint to the sand, they could make glass that shone more brilliantly than any that had been made before.

LESSON 32.

FATHER WILLIAM.

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,

“The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,

“I remember’d that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour
at first,
That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,

“And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William
replied,

“I remember’d that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young
man cried,

“And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon
death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William
replied;

“Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remember’d my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age.”

R. SOUTHEY

LESSON 33.

THE MISERABLE BOY.

Narain was a little boy who lived with his father and mother in a village by the Ganges. His father and mother were daily working busily in the rice field, and while they were away, they left Narain to make the curry for their meal when they came home.

One day, Narain thought it was very dull to stay at home always and make curry. It was in the hot weather too and the sun was fierce and strong, and the little hut where he lived seemed as hot as an oven.

He went to the door and looked out and saw that there were shadows under the trees. It was cooler there than in the dark hut, because a little wind was lifting the leaves and letting them fall gently back again.

So presently he stopped making curry and went to lie down in the shade under the tree. He only meant to stay a very little while, but he fell asleep and the time passed very quickly.

At the usual time, his father and mother came back from their work. They were tired, hot and hungry, and they wanted their curry. When they found that Narain had forgotten all about it they

beat him until he was very sore, and then made the curry for themselves.

Narain wept for a long time, and was so unhappy that he did not care what became of him, so he ran away into the jungle. There were all kinds of birds among the trees, that made strange cries as they flew in the shadows. There were snakes too, and they hissed and shot out their forked tongues as they slid away into the long grass. Narain could hear other and bigger creatures too.

He heard the bamboos rustle and the dry branches snap and break, and, presently, he heard a horrid deep coughing sound. Narain felt sure that it was a tiger and that it would eat him, but he did not mind, because his body was sore. He really had had a very hard beating.

Then, suddenly, a monkey swung from a branch, high up a tree, on to a branch lower down. He hung there for a little while, and then leapt on to another branch still lower. Then he dropped on to the ground in front of Narain.

"Hallo!" said the monkey. "What is the matter with you? I have been sitting up there watching you for some time."

"I have been beaten," said Narain.

"No, no, that is not what is the matter with you," said the monkey, looking wise.

“What is it then?” asked Narain.

“Why,” answered the monkey, “I will tell you. Your beating is over and done with, and even now your skin is not nearly so sore as it was a little while ago. The matter, with you, is that you want to tell a hundred thousand people all about it, and there is no one to listen to you.”

“Yes,” sobbed Narain, “that is quite true. They are eating curry at home, and if I try to tell them any more about it, they will only beat me again, and make me even more sore. No one is sorry for me.”

“Come with me, little brother,” said the monkey, “and you shall tell a hundred thousand people, and they shall weep for your sore body, and tell you how they pity you in your great trouble. Then you will feel better.”

He caught hold of Narain with his skinny hand, and ran through the grass and bushes and low-growing jungle of the forest. Narain ran with him for a long time. He was too busy trying not to fall over old roots, and not to trip over tangled creepers, or dodging branches, to notice how or where they went. At last the trees came to an end, and the forest opened into the wonderful ruins of an old deserted city, with fallen temples and broken walls.

Everything shone white and dazzling in the hot, glaring sun. There were no people in the city. They had all left it many, many years ago ; but Narain saw there were crowds of monkeys, from big monkeys with grey beards, down to little chattering baby monkeys.

There seemed to be more than Narain thought could live in all the forests of the world.

“ Tell these people,” said the monkey who had led him to the place. Then he laughed a little, and went away and sat on the side of a ruined well and threw stones down it.



The other monkeys all crowded up and gathered round, waiting to hear why Narain had come amongst them.

"I have been beaten and my back is sore," began Narain.

"Ay," said the hundred thousand monkeys, who with serious faces kept their eyes steadily fixed on his face.

"Because I lay under the trees and did not make the curry while they were working," he continued.

"Ay," said the hundred thousand monkeys waiting to hear more.

"My name is Narain and I am very sad," wailed Narain.

"Ay," said the monkeys.

"My people have cast me out, with a sore back and no curry," cried Narain.

"Ay," said the monkeys again, all together.

"A sore back and no curry," said Narain again, for he could think of nothing else to say.

"Ay," said the monkeys once more, and settled themselves to hear what his real trouble was.

Narain could not think of anything else, and he was very unhappy indeed, because he wanted to complain.

"Ay," said the monkeys kindly, as if to say, "well, what about it?"

"A sore back," repeated Narain sadly.

"Ay," said the monkeys rather sharply, as if they were tired of waiting to hear what really was

wrong. He heard some of the young ones say, "But is that all?"

"No curry," he said once more, and the monkeys did not even say "Ay". Narain got up quickly and looked for the monkey who had brought him. "Please take me back," he said, "I am not miserable enough for these people."

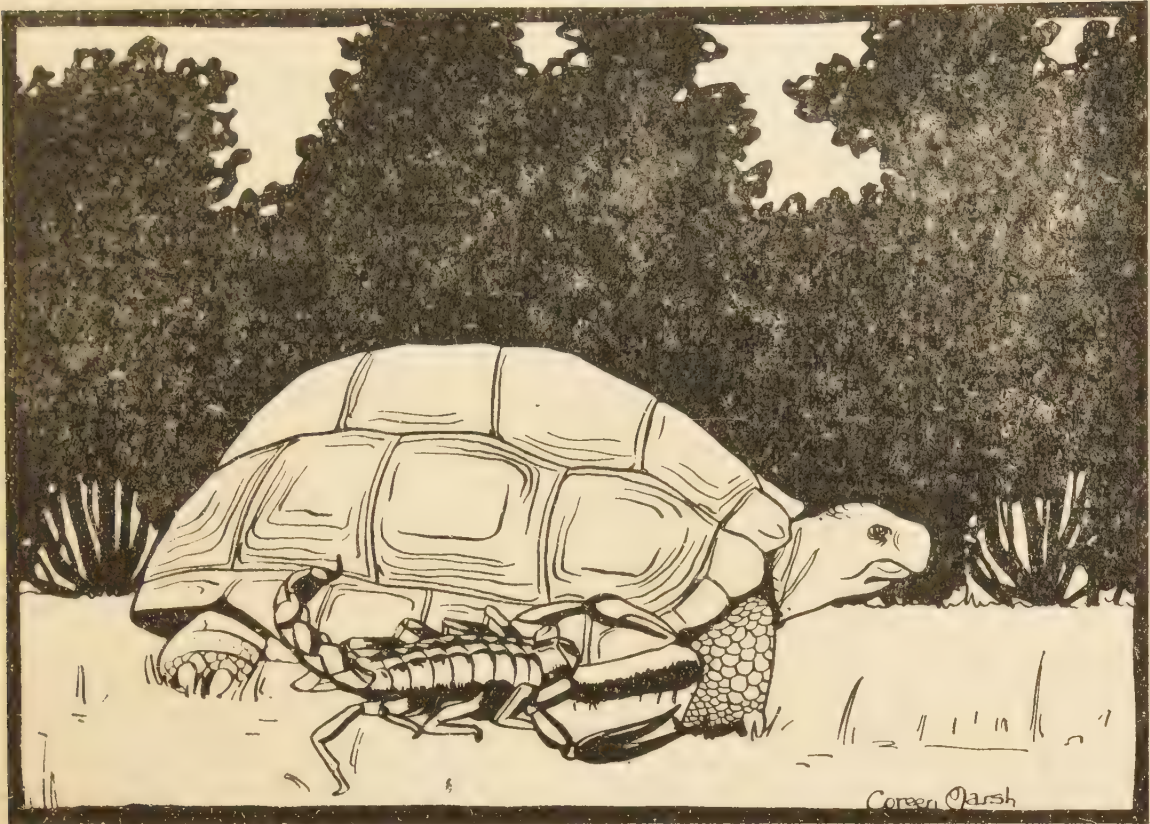
The monkey said, "I thought as much," and laughed as he led him away, and took him home to his village.

But he was not beaten again. His mother was glad to see him, and gave him some nice hot curry and rice before he went to sleep.

Now if ever you feel sad and that you have been hardly treated, this is a very good way to find comfort and be happy again. Go and tell it to a hundred thousand serious-faced monkeys, all waiting to hear more than you have to tell them, and you will find that you are not really miserable enough.

LESSON 34.

THE SCORPION AND THE TORTOISE.



Once upon a time, a scorpion and a tortoise were travelling together. Although they were companions, they were not really friends. This was due to the fact, that the scorpion had a thoroughly nasty nature. He played so many mischievous tricks upon other travellers, that the tortoise quite disliked him.

At length they came to a river and the scorpion at once cried, "Good Heavens! How on earth am I going to get across this?"

The tortoise at first thought to himself that this was a fine opportunity of getting rid of the scorpion.

He would very much rather have travelled alone. However, he was very good-natured, so he merely said, "Jump on my back, my friend, and I will carry you across."

Without even stopping to thank the tortoise, the scorpion quickly did as he was told.

For some time, the tortoise swam on slowly but steadily towards the opposite bank. Suddenly, he felt as though something were being stuck into the back of his neck.

"Hi! What are you up to?" he cried, turning his head towards the scorpion.

"Why," replied the scorpion, "if you want to know, I am boring a hole through your skin. By the time we reach the other side of the river, I shall be able to get at your nice, soft flesh."

"You vile brute!" cried the tortoise. "Is that how you repay my kindness? Is this your gratitude? However, I can soon settle you. I have hated your nasty ways even since we met. I will now put an end to them and save myself at the same time."

So saying, the tortoise dived below the surface of the water. The scorpion was at once washed off his back and drowned, while the tortoise swam safely to the shore.

LESSON 35.

ONLY A SOLDIER.

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter day.
The crowd uncover as his face they see :
" God greet the Czar ! " they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Grave spectacle of poverty and woe —
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare ;
And he who drew it bent before his load
With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped, and beckoned to the man.
" Who is't thou bearest to the grave ? " he said.
" Only a soldier, sire ! " the short reply, —
" Only a soldier, dead." .

" Only a soldier ! " musing, said the Czar :
" Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on ; I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonoured to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap ;
The Czar of all the Russians, pacing slow,
Followed the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently ;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honoured the poor and brave.

LESSON 36.

THE UNSELFISH MAN.

Two countries were once at war with each other, and the army of one country marched into the other country. Now when an army invades a country in this way, the men are often unable to carry food with them.

It seems very hard that the invaded country should have to feed the enemy, but that is what happens. It was so in the Great War, when Germany invaded Belgium and France.

The story I am going to tell you is not about the Great War, but the invaded land had to feed the enemy in the same way.

One day, an officer of the invading soldiers ordered a party of men to go into the country and villages round about, and search for food. They rode away on their horses and, at last, saw a small house standing by itself in a lonely valley.

The officer in charge of the party rode up and banged on the door. It was quickly opened by a very old, white-haired man.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. I do not think that he even knew that there was a war, for he lived far from any town and had only one neighbour, whose house was in the next valley.

"Good-morning, grandfather!" said the officer. "We are a party of soldiers sent out to find food for the army. You must come with us and show us where there is a field full of grain that is ripe and ready to be cut."

"I will show you the way. Come with me," said the old man quietly.

He led the way along the valley, and the officer with his men followed behind. They walked for half an hour and at last they saw a fine field of barley.

"Halt!" cried the officer to his men. "This is the very thing we want."

"I pray you not to cut this field," said the old man.

"But we must," replied the officer. "Why do you think we asked you to lead us here, if we were not going to cut it and use it?"

"Sir," he answered, "I know that you want the grain for your army, but if you will only march a little further on with me, I can show you a field where the crop is much finer and will satisfy all your needs."

The officer looked sternly at him and said, "Is this a trick?"

"On my honour, no," answered the old man. "If you will only leave this field and come with me, you will get all that you want, and it is a finer crop too."

The officer gave the order to ride on, and in a little while they came to another field of barley. They saw that it was even as the old man had said, and it was a finer crop than the one they had left.

"Here you are," said the old man, and stood on one side.

The soldiers got down from their horses, and very soon all the grain was cut down and the field was bare.

The officer felt rather curious as to the reason why the old man had been so anxious for them to cut this field, and not the other.

“You gave yourself and us a longer, a much longer, march than was necessary,” he said. “The field we first saw would have suited us quite as well as this one.”

“I know it would,” answered the old man. “But, you see, sir, that first field belongs to my neighbour, while this field, here, which you have reaped, is mine.”

LESSON 37.

THE TIGER AND THE CAT.

A MALAY LEGEND.

Do you know why the tiger is angry with the cat? I will tell you. Long ago, before anyone who is now alive can remember, the cat did not know the way to catch and kill the mouse.

Now the cat thought this was very hard luck, because she often felt very hungry, and she heard that the mouse was very nice to eat. Her friends told her she was looking thin, which was the same thing as telling her that she was looking ugly.

Of course, she was not at all pleased to hear this, and the more she thought about it, the more she felt she would like a good feed of mouse. She went to the jackal and asked him how he got his dinner.

“Why,” answered the jackal, “I thought you knew that, as my lord, the tiger, is the head of your family.”

“What has that got to do with it?” asked the cat.

“Well, you see,” said the jackal, “I know what he likes for his dinner, and I go hunting for him. Then I let him know where to go; in fact I show him the road and he quickly springs on the young deer (which he likes best of all) and kills it.”

“Yes, I see,” said the cat, “but how does he do it?”

“Oh, you must go to the tiger and ask him,” answered the jackal.

So the cat spent all one morning cleaning her coat until it shone, and trimming her whiskers until she felt she was well-dressed enough to go and call on the great tiger, who was the head of her family.

She was a little bit afraid, because the tiger did not take much notice, as a rule, of his poor relations. However, he received her politely and said, “How do you do?”

“What lovely weather we are having!” said the cat.

“We are indeed,” agreed the tiger.

"I met the jackal the other day," said the cat, thinking that this was a good beginning to what she wanted to say.

"Who?" asked the tiger.

"The jackal," answered the cat. "He knows you quite well."

"Oh, the JACKAL!" grunted the tiger. "He knows me quite well, does he? I suppose all servants say that of their masters. He thinks he knows me better than I think I know him."

The cat felt that she had not made such a very good beginning, after all.

"He said he was on his way to find a nice, fat, young deer," she went on. The tiger yawned and stretched himself. "I hope he finds it," he said. "I had to beat him yesterday. He is getting very lazy."

"I suppose he brings your dinner home to you, every day?" said the cat artfully.

"Oh no!" said the tiger. "I must go out sometimes and, while this fine weather lasts, I rather enjoy a picnic. Young deer taste very nice out in the jungle."

"How do you like them killed?" asked the cat.

"In the usual way," answered the tiger.

"Do tell me all about it," begged the cat.

"You are so clever."

The tiger did not answer, he merely yawned, and looked as if he thought the cat had stayed quite long enough.

"Do you not love climbing trees?" said the cat, who did not mean to go before she had found out what she wanted to know.

"Never done it," snapped the tiger.

"Oh what a lot you have missed," said the artful cat. "I know of nothing more pleasant in the hot weather. If there is any wind at all, you always feel it if you are well up in the trees."

"How do you do it?" asked the tiger.

"Ah!" smiled the cat, "in the usual way, you know."

"Humph!" coughed the tiger.

"*How* did you say you killed that deer?" murmured the cat. "I believe I could show you how to climb a tree."

"I am going out for a picnic now," answered the tiger. "Would you like to come with me?"

"With pleasure," said the cat, who just nodded at the jackal when he joined them, for he was the tiger's servant, while she was the tiger's cousin.

They went quite a long way through the jungle, until the jackal said they had better wait while he went on ahead. Then he came back and they all found places where they could watch the path without being seen.

Presently the jackal held up his paw as a sign that a deer was coming, and the cat saw the tiger tighten up his muscles for a spring. He seemed to gather himself together and, the next moment, he was on the back of the deer whose red blood was flowing from where the tiger bit him in the neck.

"Of course I can do that," the cat said to herself. "I do not know why I did not think of that before, for myself."

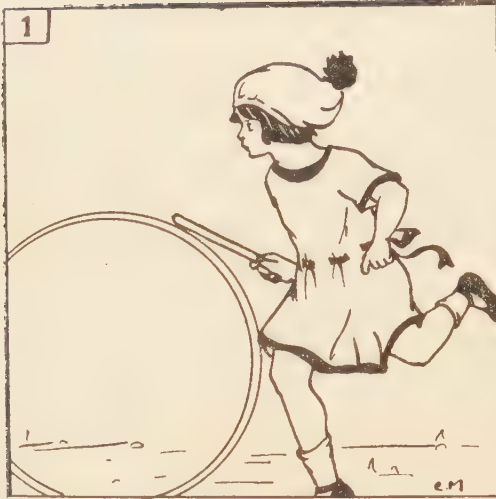
She left the tiger enjoying his dinner, and quickly went off to find a mouse for herself, after having been told by the jackal that he was not going to find one for *her*.

To her joy, she quickly found one and killed it, after nearly losing it first. Then she found another and another, until she had eaten so many mice that she had to go to sleep and get over it. Even then she dreamed of mice.



LESSON 38.

CONVERSATION.



LESSON 39.

“HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE RAIN ! ”

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
 From under the sheltering trees,
 The farmer sees
 His pastures, and his fields of grain,
 As they bend their tops
 To the numberless beating drops
 Of the incessant rain.
 He counts it as no sin
 That he sees therein
 Only his own thrift and gain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

LESSON 40.

THE TIGER AND THE CAT. II.

When she woke up, she saw the jackal sitting at her door.

"The tiger wants you," he said with a grin.

The cat felt he was such an impudent fellow that she said, "I am not coming."

"Ha! Ha! What a joke!" laughed the jackal. "I must tell that to the tiger. He *will* think it funny."

He ran off, still laughing, and then the cat began to feel rather afraid. She therefore got up and followed the jackal to the tiger's house.

The tiger did not look very pleased, although the jackal was still laughing, until the tiger roared, "Stop that stupid noise." "I thought you were not coming," he said to the cat who now wished she had not been such a fool.

"I—I—er—er," she began, wondering what excuse she could make, when the tiger growled:

"That will do. What about climbing that tree? I'll teach you to say you will not come when I send for you, after we come down."

The cat shivered with fright, but led the tiger through the jungle until she came to a very high tree.

"Watch me," she said, and climbed up a little way. Then she went up a bit further, and at last she reached the top.

After that the tiger tried, but did not like it very much. Besides, even if he were the head of the family, he really was rather stupid at climbing trees.

However, the cat praised him and told him he was doing it rather well. When he got tired, she said he must go just a little bit higher, and he would like it when he was at the top.

So, with much puffing and panting, he kept on, and at last he was at the top. He was not quite happy about it, and rather inclined to be angry with the cat for sending him up there. He forgot that he had asked for the lesson.

"You wait until he comes down, you will get into trouble!" jeered the jackal, and the cat felt that it was only too likely. Then she had a good idea.

The tiger had been so stupid about climbing *up* the tree that he was bound to be worse coming down again. Every cat knows, even when she is a kitten, that coming down is much worse than going up. So the cat, who was not at all looking forward to meeting the tiger on the ground again, called up to him:

"That's right. I know you will enjoy climbing when you get used to it. Good-bye."

Then she quickly turned round and hurried away, as fast as she could go. She also changed her house that very day, for she did not want to be at home when the jackal should call on her.

As for the tiger, his rage was terrible. There was he, stuck up in a tree like a fool, and unable to get down.

He tried, first with one foot, then the other, but he could not do it. He was very heavy and the ground was a terrible way off.



There was his servant, the jackal, too, watching his awkward position. It was most annoying. The cat might have known that if he wanted to be shown how to climb up a tree, he would also want to be shown how to climb down again.

He stayed up there for a very long time, getting more and more angry, but pretending that he liked it, for he did not want to seem a fool before his servant.

At last he told the jackal to go home and stay there until the next day, and from the top of the tree he watched to see that he did it.

Then he gathered himself together for this uncomfortable task, and

set about getting down the tree before any of his poor relations or their servants should see him.

I am sorry to say that he fell with a most terrible bump, that knocked nearly all the breath out of his body, and shook him up in the most awful way.

He had never felt anything like it in all his life, and, unless anything very strange happened, he did not mean to feel anything like it again.

He would keep away from tree-climbing. "But," he said to himself, as he walked slowly home, "only let me get hold of that cat! She will wish that she had never been born to climb a tree, or to show me how to climb one!"

He is still looking for the cat, and so is the jackal.

LESSON 41.

THE JACKAL AND THE CROW.

A crow, who lived in the compound of a large house, found that by waiting near the verandah of the house, she could snatch many a nice piece of food, when the servants were not about. When they were looking, she had to be very careful, for they hated her impudent ways.

One day she had very great luck indeed, and after the master had finished his meal and left the table, she quickly flew down and seized a large piece of cheese.

Holding it in her beak, she flew away with it, down by the river, and perched on the branch of a tree. Just as she was about to eat it, a jackal came along and looked up at her.



“Good-morning,” said he.

The crow did not answer. She flapped a wing, instead.

“I hope you are well,” the jackal said.

Again the crow flapped her wing, and wished the jackal would not stop to talk, when she could not answer him. He could see it was as much as she could do, to hold the piece of cheese safely in her beak. It was such a lovely large piece.

“I was just hoping that we should meet,” the jackal went on.

The crow took no notice of that remark, but the jackal did not seem

to mind. He still sat below the tree, looking up at the crow.

“What a very beautiful bird you are!” he said. “I do admire you so much. Now I come to think of it, I have never seen any bird as beautiful as you are.”

The crow felt she had to flap a wing at this. The jackal was really very polite.

“Oh do flap your wing again,” cried the jackal. “What fine feathers you have! I have never seen a bird with such lovely colours in its wing. You should be the queen of birds, with feathers like yours.”

This pleased the crow very much indeed, so she flapped both wings.

“Oh, what a lovely shape you are!” cried the jackal. “Do flap both your wings again.” The crow did so and nearly fell off the branch.

“You are so graceful,” sighed the jackal. “I shall tell all the animals that you are the most beautiful bird in the world and must be their queen. I am quite certain that such a beautiful bird as you, must have a most charming voice. How I wish you would let me hear you sing.”

The foolish crow was so pleased at hearing all these nice things about herself, that she believed every word, and thought how very polite and nice the jackal was.

“*Do* sing,” begged the jackal. “I shall be happy for ever, when I have heard your wonderful voice.”

The crow, at this, opened her bill and gave a loud, hoarse “Caw!” At the same time, of course, she dropped the piece of cheese.

The jackal, who had been waiting for that moment, quickly snapped up the piece of cheese and ran off, very pleased with himself, and laughing at the crow.

“Never again will I listen to the false voice of a flatterer,” said the jackal’s victim, as she flew away, a sadder and wiser bird.

LESSON 42.

THE CHILD AND THE SNAKE.

Henry was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took,
And ate it by a purling brook.
His mother lets him have his way.
With free leave Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine *gray bird*.

This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
 Came every day with him to feed;
 And it loved him and loved his milk,
 And it was smooth and soft like silk.
 — On the next morn she follows Harry,
 And carefully she sees him carry
 Through the long grass his heap'd-up mess.
 What was her terror and distress
 When she saw the infant take
 His bread and milk close to a snake!
 Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
 And sits down by his frightful guest,
 Who had waited for the treat;
 And now they both began to eat.



Fond mother! shriek not, O beware
The least small noise, O have a care —
The least small noise that may be made
The wily snake will be afraid —
If he hear the slightest sound,
He will inflict th' envenom'd wound.
— She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe,
As she stands the trees beneath.
No sound she utters; and she soon
Sees the child lift up his spoon,
And tap the snake upon the head,
Fearless of harm; and then he said,
As speaking to familiar mate,
“Keep on your own side, do, Gray Pate”;
The snake then to the other side,
As one rebukéd, seems to glide;
And now again advancing nigh,
Again she hears the infant cry,
Tapping the snake, “Keep further, do;
Mind, Gray Pate, what I say to you.”
The danger's o'er! she sees the boy
(O what a change from fear to joy!)
Rise and bid the snake “Good-bye”;
Says he, “Our breakfast's done, and I
“Will come again to-morrow day”;
— Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

MARY LAMB

LESSON 43.

THE CLEVER SERVANT.

Moti was a thoughtful man, who wished to become the servant of the king, so he went to the palace and asked to be engaged in the king's service.

"Tell me," said the king. "What can you do?"

"I can act as body-guard to your majesty," he said. "You will find that I can watch while others sleep."

"I have other men who can do that," answered the king. "What else can you do?"

"I can sleep while others have to watch," said Moti.

"That sounds strange," said the king. "Is that all you can do?"

"Oh no, your majesty," replied Moti, "I can taste a drink and tell at once if it be good or not."

"That should be useful," remarked the king. "I suppose there is nothing else that you can do?"

"Yes, sir," Moti went on. "If you wish to give a feast you have only to tell me so, and I will invite all the right guests to come."

"Now that really would save me a lot of time and trouble," said the king. "Is there anything else you can do?"

"I can make a fire without smoke," Moti answered.

“Very good,” said the king, with a wave of his royal hand, “you are engaged. Begin your duties as my body-guard, and watch while others sleep.”

Every night, therefore, Moti prepared the king's bed for him, and after his master had gone to lie down, Moti lay at the door. He armed himself with a gun and a long knife, but he also took his dog to lie down with him.

The dog was very clever and Moti had spent much time in training him to keep watch, and to bark if anyone should approach. So, at the king's door, Moti slept quite comfortably, while he knew that his dog would bark if anyone passed that way. So well did he guard the king in this way, that at the end of a year, the king told him to do the second thing he had said he could do. This was, to sleep while others had to watch.

It was the dry season, and Moti suddenly began to work very hard, while all the others went about seeking pleasure. He looked to the roof and had it mended; he saw that the walls were strong and had the holes filled in. He gathered together as much fuel as he could, so by the time the rains had come he had so little to do that he was well able to rest and sleep. Everyone else was running about trying to stop the rain from coming into their houses, or to stop the river from washing away their shaky walls, besides having to go out about their business in the pouring rain.

“ Oh yes,” said Moti, as he settled himself in comfort, “ now I can sleep while others have to watch.”

“ Very good,” said the king. “ Now just drink this mixture that I have prepared, and tell me what you think of it.”

Moti drank it and shook his head.

“ It *was* good ; it *is* good ; it *will be* good,” said he.

“ Explain ! ” ordered the king.

“ Well, sire,” answered Moti, “ the cup contained vinegar, which *was* good before it turned sour. There was also old wine, which *is* good, as all men will say. The cup also held new wine, which *will be* good, if men have the patience to wait ! ”

“ You can now do your fourth task,” said the king. “ I will give a feast. Invite all the right guests to it.”

Moti gave a salaam and went out. Then he invited to the feast all those who were the king's enemies. They seemed surprised but rather pleased that they had been asked, and they all came and took their places.

When the king came in and saw the guests, he was very much annoyed, but of course he did not let his guests see this.

He was very nice to them all, and most polite to every one. But after they had gone away

(all very pleased and saying how much they had enjoyed the feast), the king sent for Moti, and was very angry indeed.

“When I give a feast, I like to give joy to my friends and not to my enemies,” he said sternly. “You have performed all your other tasks so well that I trusted you to do this one equally well. You said you could invite all the right people and yet you asked all the wrong ones!”

“Sir,” answered Moti, “I did ask the right people. I invited your enemies because, by thus showing kindness to them, you will make them your friends.”

In a little while the king saw that what Moti said was true, and he began to think that Moti’s advice was worth having. He seemed a wise and thoughtful fellow.

The king asked him to carry out his fifth and last task — that of making a fire without smoke.

“That is very easy,” said Moti. “It shall be done at once.”

He went out and gathered some very dry thin twigs, that had been thoroughly baked in the sun, all the hot weather. He put a light to them and, in a few moments, they burst into a flame and burnt fiercely, without first smouldering and smoking.

“This is splendid,” said the king. “At last I have found a man who thinks and acts wisely. You shall still serve me, but you are worthy of holding a much higher post.”

In time, Moti rose to a very high office indeed, in the king's service, and all men respected his advice.

LESSON 44.

THE BLUE JACKAL.

There was once a jackal in Behar, who was always prowling about where he had no business to be. His friends told him that he would get himself into trouble, but he still went his own way.

One dark night, he went to an indigo factory and, not knowing the way, he fell into an indigo-tank. He found it very hard to climb out again, and when he did succeed in doing so, he found that he had been dyed blue. At first he was very worried, but then he thought about it for a while, and decided it was really a very fine thing to be blue.

“No one will know me, now that I am this wonderful colour,” said he. “I will hide myself until I am quite dry, and then I will go to all the animals and tell them that I am their king.”

He did so, and, first of all, he went down to the river to the jackals' meeting-place. They were very much surprised when they saw him. They did not know at first that it was their old friend. He looked very like a jackal, they said, but who ever heard of a blue one? When he spoke to them, they knew his voice at once, and they all asked together how he had made his coat such a beautiful colour.

“ Ah ! ” said he. “ That is my secret.”

He would tell no one what had happened to him, and they thought he must be very clever, although they had never thought so before. Indeed they had always looked upon him as being rather a fool.

They spoke to him quite respectfully after that, and, little by little, he became a most important person, until he was the King of the Jackals.

Then he felt that his kingdom was too small, so he called his subjects together, and they made all the smaller animals submit to his rule. “ This is fine,” said he to himself, and became more king-like than ever.

At last he was king of all the animals, including the lions and tigers, the elephants and the panthers. Then he became very proud indeed.

He was very rude too, when people spoke to him, and often when they passed and bowed to him, he would take no notice at all.

The day came when he never would see a jackal salaam, however low the jackal bowed, and this made his old friends very angry indeed. They started to talk about him whenever they met down at the river, and at last they could talk of nothing else.

"It is not as though he were a real king," grumbled one who had been passed by without notice, only that very day.

"I cannot sleep for thinking about the creature's impudence," said another.

"Did you hear what he said about us the other day?" inquired another.

"No. Do tell us," they cried.

"The tiger told him some news and said he had heard it from a jackal. And will you believe me, that wretched upstart said, '*What is a jackal?*'"

"Never!" they cried, and then sat round in silence thinking about it. "Well, we must put an end to it," they said.

"Yes, but how? He is so powerful now that he is the king of the tigers as well as of all the rest of us."

They turned round to the oldest of them and said, "Do tell us what to do, Grandfather."

The old jackal looked very cunning, while they all gathered round and listened to what he told them.

“What a splendid plan,” they cried when he had ended, and they all yelled with delight.



The blue king had called a meeting of all the animals for that very night, and in the circle, the jackals all sat together.

Suddenly, when the old one made a sign to the others, they lifted up their heads and all yelled in chorus. It made a most awful noise and was done so suddenly and unexpectedly that, before he had had time to think, the blue king had lifted up his voice too. Soon he was howling with the

rest, as he had been in the habit of doing all his life, before he fell into the indigo-tank.

Then all the animals saw that he was no better than a jackal in disguise, and they were very angry to think that they had allowed him to become king over them.

They at once took away his crown and made him sit with his relations, and they all told him what they thought of him.

Even the young ones laughed at him, and one even named him "Old bluecoat!" which was a great change from "Your majesty!"

We can see from this story that it is sometimes most important that we should keep silent. Indeed there is a saying which says: "Speech is silver but silence is gold."

LESSON 45.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.



Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach;
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes:
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

LESSON 46.

THE BEGGARS AND THE FOWLS.

Two beggars were standing outside the gates of the Nawab's palace.

One beggar cried aloud: "Allah is great! Allah is good! Allah gives all!"

The second beggar cried: "May Allah make the Nawab victorious!"

The Nawab heard what the two men were crying. The cry of the second man pleased him so much that he sent out to him a fowl which had been stuffed secretly with gold coins. The other beggar was given an ordinary fowl.

The second beggar did not know that his fowl was full of gold.

He was not pleased with his gift. He said he did not want a fowl and he sold it to the other man for a few copper coins. Then he again went to the gates of the palace and cried: "May Allah make the Nawab victorious!"

On hearing this, the Nawab ordered a second fowl to be secretly stuffed with gold and given to him. The beggar went back to his friend and said: "Look! I have cried to Allah again that the Nawab may be victorious, and again he has sent out to me a fowl. Did ever a man have such bad luck? Will you buy this one from me as you did the other?"

The first beggar gave him a few coins for it, and then the second man thought he would try again. So back he went to the gates of the palace and cried aloud: "May Allah make the Nawab victorious!"

The Nawab, again hearing the man, became very angry.

"I have twice rewarded this man well," said he. "He is a greedy fellow. Go and bring him before me."

"Are you the man who has cried three times to Allah to make me victorious?" he asked, when they brought the man before him.

"Yes, my lord," answered the beggar.

"I have rewarded you twice," said the prince. "What did you do with the fowls that I sent you?"

"My lord," answered the man, "I will tell you the truth. I sold them for a few coppers to the other beggar who cried, 'Allah is great! Allah is good! Allah gives all!'"

Then the Nawab understood that Allah had blessed the man who praised God, rather than the man who had sought only to please the Nawab in the hope that he would be rewarded well.

LESSON 47.

GERMS. I.

Some famous hunters of wild beasts were one day discussing the question as to which was the most dangerous and the most deadly animal in the world. One said the African lion, another thought the Bengal tiger was the worst, a third said the rhinoceros, and all three agreed that the African buffalo and the panther were almost as dangerous as any.

The fourth hunter present listened to what the others had to say, and then remarked: "You are all wrong. All the savage beasts in the world, together, do not do as much harm as house-flies."

He was right. But it must be remembered that the untold sickness, suffering and loss of life caused by flies, is only caused by them indirectly. Flies themselves do not kill of course. They are the carriers of that which kills.

The real killers are germs, the germs of cholera, consumption, small-pox, and many other diseases. But for the disease-germ, the house-fly would be merely disgusting and a nuisance.

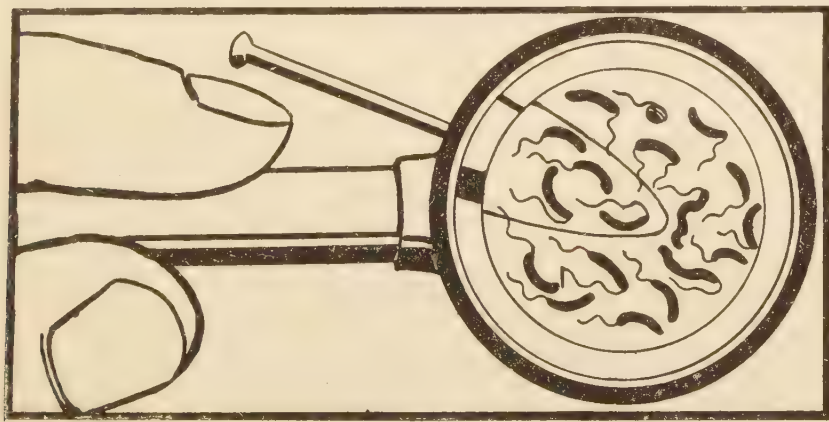
Disease-germs are the very greatest of all the enemies of the human race. Every day in the

year they kill many thousands of people, and cause an amount of suffering and loss of time and money that can never be reckoned.

In addition to the above-mentioned diseases, they cause every kind of fever from malaria to enteric, as well as influenza, leprosy, lock-jaw, measles, whooping-cough, boils, blood-poisoning, and many others.

And what are these different disease-germs ?

In the ground under our feet, in the dust of the roads, and in the water that we drink, there are countless millions of invisible animals and plants. When we call them invisible, we mean that they are invisible except with the help of the most powerful microscope.



Look at the picture. Some one is holding a microscope. A drop of water is under the glass of the microscope, and in the water are cholera germs. There is only a drop of water but you can see how many germs it contains. The microscope

helps us to see them, but even this small picture makes each germ look a thousand times larger than it really is.

The eye alone cannot see them, for they are so small that there is room for thousands of them on the point of a needle.

You already know something about cells. The body of each of these germs consists of a single cell. If a man gets but one of these germs into his body, it may give him the disease to which it belongs.

You must grasp the fact that these germs are living plants and animals. They are born, they live, and they die. We can kill them. If all the germs of plague now alive could be killed, plague would be stamped out and there would be no more plague.

And just as they can be killed, so they can be encouraged and helped to thrive and increase. As a rule, dirt and darkness help them to do this. Where there is filth, and where light and fresh air are shut out, there is usually disease. Where there is cleanliness, and where pure air and light are allowed to come, there is usually no disease.

Do not think, however, that all germs are disease germs. This is no more the case than it is that all wild animals are dangerous. Just as in the

jungle we have the tiger and the deer, so in the well that contains the fatal cholera germ, there are millions of others which are perfectly harmless.

There are many hundreds of *kinds* of germs in the world, but only a few kinds are harmful. It is the harmful kind that we call disease-germs. One of the most useful things that we can know is how to live in safety from these germs.

The more we know about our bodies and about the harmful germs, the better it is for us. The former study is called Physiology, the latter Hygiene.

LESSON 48.

GERMS. II.

It is clear that one of the first things to know about the harmful germs is whence they come and how they enter the body. Let us grasp, first of all, the fact that almost all disease-germs are spread abroad from the bodies of those people who are suffering from germ diseases. That is to say, a smallpox germ, for example, gets in some way from a smallpox patient to a healthy person.

If you get cholera, a cholera germ has somehow come to you from a person who has that disease.

When half the people in the world caught influenza, each fresh victim got the germ from someone suffering from influenza.

This great fact about disease leads us to a great rule about disease. And that is :—

Take every care to destroy the germs that come from the bodies of the sick.

If all the germs that came from the first influenza patient had been destroyed, there would have been no influenza epidemic, and millions of lives would have been saved.

It is in order to follow this rule that people, suffering from such diseases as smallpox, cholera and leprosy, are separated from healthy people and taken to hospital. Here the greatest care is taken that the disease-germs that come from them shall be destroyed. This is done by the use of germ-killers called disinfectants.

One of the best of these is carbolic acid. Another is permanganate of potash. All bedding, clothing, drinking vessels, utensils and everything that the sick person touches are disinfected. In other words, the germs on them are killed by disinfectants. Great heat is a disinfectant, and if water is boiled, the germs in it are killed. Sunlight is also a disinfectant.

Another great fact with regard to disease-germs is that they get into the body through the mouth and

nose, through the skin by means of insect-bites, or through the skin where it has been broken.

Thus, the germs of consumption are breathed into the body through the nose; the germs of cholera are taken into the body, in water, through the mouth; the germs of malaria are put into the body, through the skin, by a mosquito; and the germs of lockjaw get into the body through a cut or wound.

From this knowledge comes the rule that, so far as possible, we must breathe pure air, drink pure water, guard against the bites of insects, and take the greatest care to cleanse and cover any cuts or wounds.

A third great fact to remember is, that when a disease-germ gets into the body, its chance of causing the disease depends upon the body's health. In a perfectly healthy body, it is probable that the disease germ will die.

Why is this? It is because, in the blood of a healthy person, it will find a host of enemies. This third fact leads to the third important rule:—

Keep the body healthy by means of fresh air, pure water, good food, sleep and exercise, in order that the blood may be pure and healthy.

About germs, then, the following points should be remembered:—

Germs are invisible plants and animals.

The harmful ones, called disease-germs, kill more than half the people in the world.

Nearly all disease-germs that attack us, come from the bodies of sick people.

Therefore, the first rule for the prevention of disease is :—

Destroy the germs that come from the bodies of sick persons.

Germs enter the body through the nose and mouth, and through cuts and wounds. They are also put into the body by insects, such as mosquitoes and fleas.

Therefore the second rule for the prevention of disease is :—

Breathe pure air, drink pure water, protect yourself from insects, and keep cuts and wounds clean and covered.

The healthier the body, the more difficult it is for a disease-germ to live in it.

Therefore, the third rule for the prevention of disease is :—

Keep the body as healthy as possible and do not neglect sleep, exercise and cleanliness.

LESSON 49.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove.

The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud
song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny
warm weather,

And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

S. T. COLERIDGE

LESSON 50.

PAPER. I.

BAPU. (Govind's father). I must send these books away at once. Govind, run and get me some paper.

GOVIND. Will this do, Father?

BAPU. Well, you *are* a silly boy. You have brought me a newspaper. Now, think! Why do I want the paper?

GOVIND. To wrap up the books.

BAPU. Then what am I going to do with them?

GOVIND. Send them away.

BAPU. Very well, then. Now you know what kind of paper to bring me, don't you?

GOVIND. Yes, of course I do. You want some that is very strong. I had better see if I can get some brown paper.

BAPU. Yes, do. Hurry up.

GOVIND. Will this do, Father? It does not seem to tear very easily.

BAPU. That will do nicely. That kind of paper is the best there is for packing parcels. It is very strong.

GOVIND. Where does paper grow?

BAPU. Paper does not grow, Govind. Men make it. It is one of those things which we say are manufactured.

GOVIND. I wish I knew how they make it.

BAPU. Wait one minute until I have finished tying up this parcel, and I will tell you something about it. Give me a label. That is a different kind of paper from the brown piece, isn't it?

GOVIND. Yes, it's like writing-paper. What a lot of different kinds of paper there are!

BAPU. Yes. Mention a few.

GOVIND. Let me see, now. There's brown paper for packing, and writing-paper for letters and lesson books. Then there are blotting-paper and drawing-paper, news-paper and tissue-paper. I can't think of any more.

BAPU. What about that ten-rupee note I gave you last week?

GOVIND. Yes, I forgot about paper money. That's different from the other kinds.

BAPU. Government uses a special kind of paper for money. It is thin and light, but very tough. It will stand a good deal of wear and tear.

GOVIND. How do they get the different kinds of paper?

BAPU. All paper is not made from the same kind of material. They make some from rags, some from cocoanut fibre, some from grass; and even such things as old rope, hemp, hay, straw, leaves and sea-weed are used. Then too, much old paper is re-made into new.

GOVIND. As they make it from all these different things, do they have to follow a different process each time?

BAPU. No, the general method is the same.

LESSON 51.

AN ELEPHANT SAVES THE FLAG.

Long, long ago, on India's plains,
There raged a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
His part to act in the affray;
And on his back above all heads
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,
Which shook its colours to the air,
Proudly the driver rode, and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there,
Till "Halt!" he cried; and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed,
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slain was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the conflict grew :
 Yet patiently old Hero stood
 Amidst it all, the while his feet
 Were stained, alas ! with human blood.
 His ears were strained, to catch the voice
 Which only could his steps command,
 Nor would he turn when men grew weak,
 And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft ;
 The fleeing soldiers saw it. " Lo !
 We are not conquered yet," they cried,
 And rallying closed upon the foe.
 Then turned the tide of conquest, and
 The royal ensign waved at last
 Victorious o'er the blood-stained field,
 Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
 Of him whose sole command he knew —
 Waited, nor moved one ponderous foot,
 To his own captain's orders true.
 Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
 Poor Hero "halted". Bribe nor threat
 Could stir him from the spot. And on
 His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived one hundred miles away.
“The driver’s son! fetch him!” they cried:
“His voice the creature will obey.”
He came, the little orphaned lad,
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master’s son
Had been the “little driver” too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long wistful glance around,
Old Hero’s march began again.
Onward he went, the trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering Hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead;
And then about his master’s son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed,
A soldier’s honoured grave had found.

MARY D. BRINE

LESSON 52.

PAPER II.

BAPU. No matter what material is being used for making paper, it must be made into a pulp first. You know what pulp is, I suppose ?

GOV ND. Yes. One speaks of the pulp of an orange, or of a mango.

BAPU. Quite so. Formerly all paper was made by hand. After the rags, or other materials, had been washed and boiled until they became a pulp, this was partly dried. It was then pressed flat and thin between heavy pieces of felt. Thus more and more moisture was squeezed out.

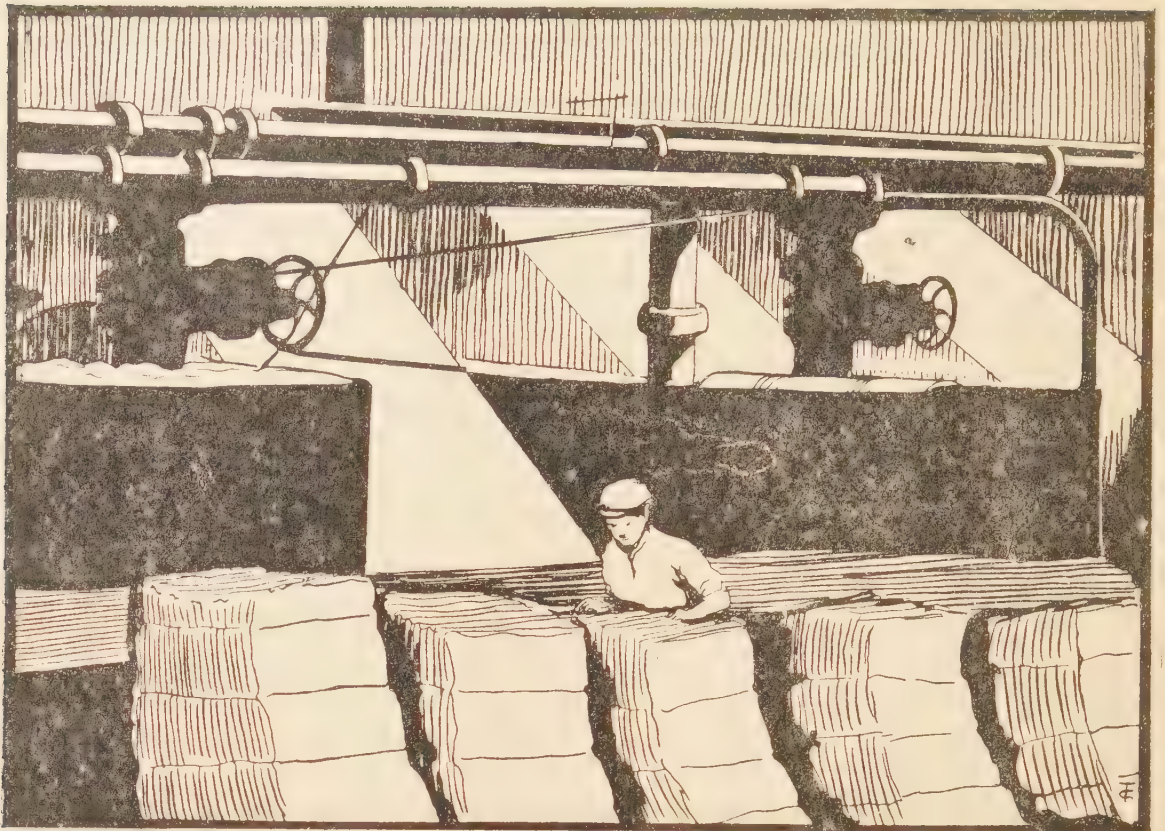
By the time that this sheet of thin flat pulp was perfectly dry, it was paper.

GOV ND. Do they still make it like that ?

BAPU. No. The idea is the same, but all the work is done by machinery.

GOVIND. I've heard of paper-mills.

BAPU. Yes. First of all, the material has to be well cleaned. It is boiled with soda until it is quite free from all grease and dirt. When they have boiled the rags or other stuff in this way, the pulp is put in a washing-engine called a breaker.



GOVIND. I suppose it is so called because it breaks it all up.

BAPU. That's it.

GOVIND. Good guess !

BAPU. Rather obvious, wasn't it ? Well, about this breaker. It is a trough filled with water and fitted with a heavy roller that has blunt knives all round it. The roller goes round, and clean water is always running into the trough. The stuff is turned about until, at the end of an hour or so, it has all been turned into nice clean fibre.

GOVIND. It may be clean, but it must be a funny colour if they use so many different kinds of things.

BAPU. Yes, that is so. What do you think they do?

GOVIND. They must use something that takes all the colour away.

BAPU. That is called bleaching. All the pulp is put into a vat in which there is a chemical mixture that takes away all the colours. After that, it is put into a heavy press and all the liquid is pressed out.

GOVIND. But is it quite dry when they have done that?

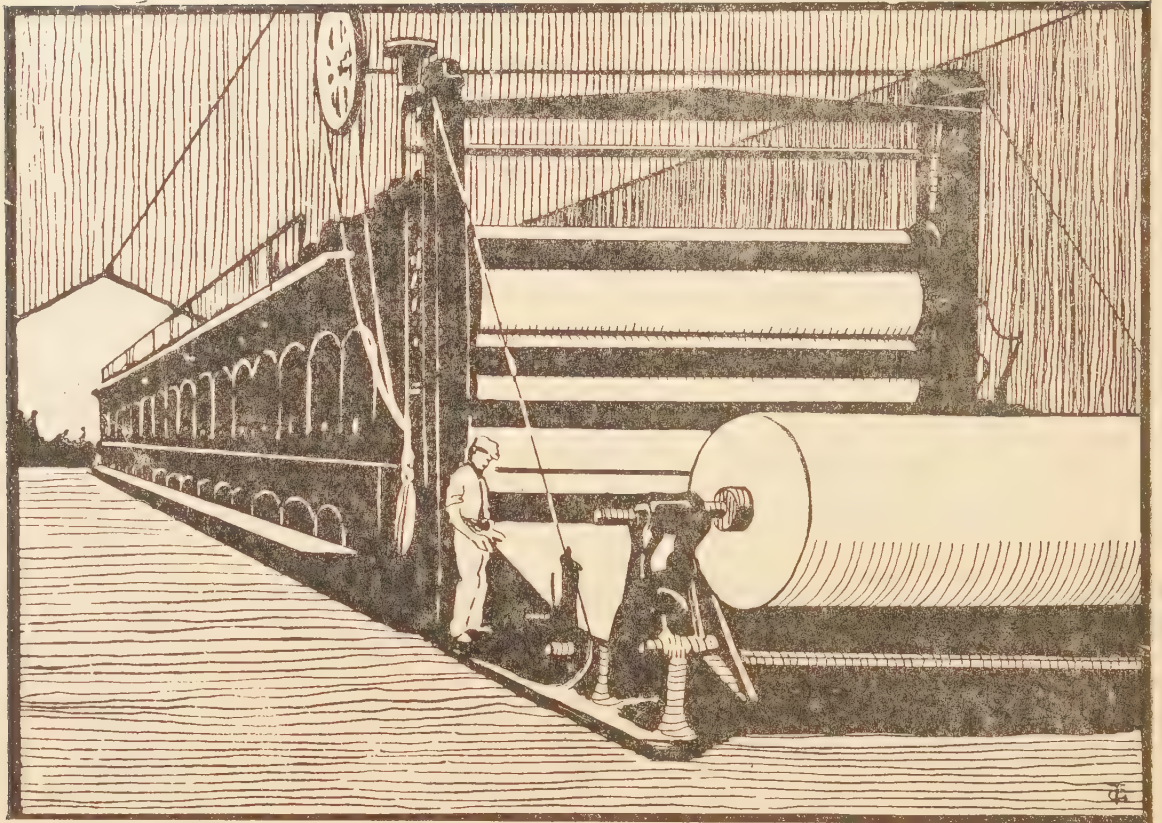
BAPU. No. It is put into a second engine, where it is washed again to get all the bleaching fluid out of it. It is then cut up into still finer pulp by a roller which has smaller and sharper knives.

GOVIND. What does the stuff look like?

BAPU. Rather like curdled milk.

LESSON 53.

PAPER. III.



GOVIND. It seems funny to think of stuff like curdled milk, being made into paper. How do they finish it?

BAPU. It flows into a wonderful machine where all the moisture is squeezed out of it. At the same time, the fibres are pressed and woven together until they form a sheet which passes round a number of steam-heated rollers. These hot rollers make the paper quite dry and firm.

GOVIND. Why is some paper shiny?

BAPU. Because it has been finished off by being passed between iron rollers to "glaze" it, or, as you say, to make it shiny.

GOVIND. Then I suppose another machine cuts it all up into sheets.

BAPU. Yes, and you have some for writing, some for packing, and some for newspapers. All these are cut into different sizes.

GOVIND. Did you say that they used saw-dust sometimes?

BAPU. Yes. Of late years they have used quite a lot of wood and saw-dust, either mixed with rags or used alone. The wood is imported from Sweden, Norway and Canada, in the form of wood-pulp.

GOVIND. When did they first find out how to make paper?

BAPU. The first material that we know to have been used for writing, was made by the early Egyptians from a large reed that grew in the river Nile. This reed was called the *papyrus*.

GOVIND. I see now why we call it *paper*.

BAPU. Yes, it is quite plain to see. The Chinese, too, in the old days, knew how to make it. They used the bark of trees and bamboo-stems as well as cotton.

GOVIND. It is rather strange to think that when I am doing my sums at school I am writing on something that was once a tree.

BAPU. Yes, it's true enough, queer as it may seem. But the same thing applies to clothing, doesn't it?

GOVIND. How d'you mean, Father?

BAPU. Well, when you put on a cotton coat, you are wearing something which was once part of a shrub, aren't you?

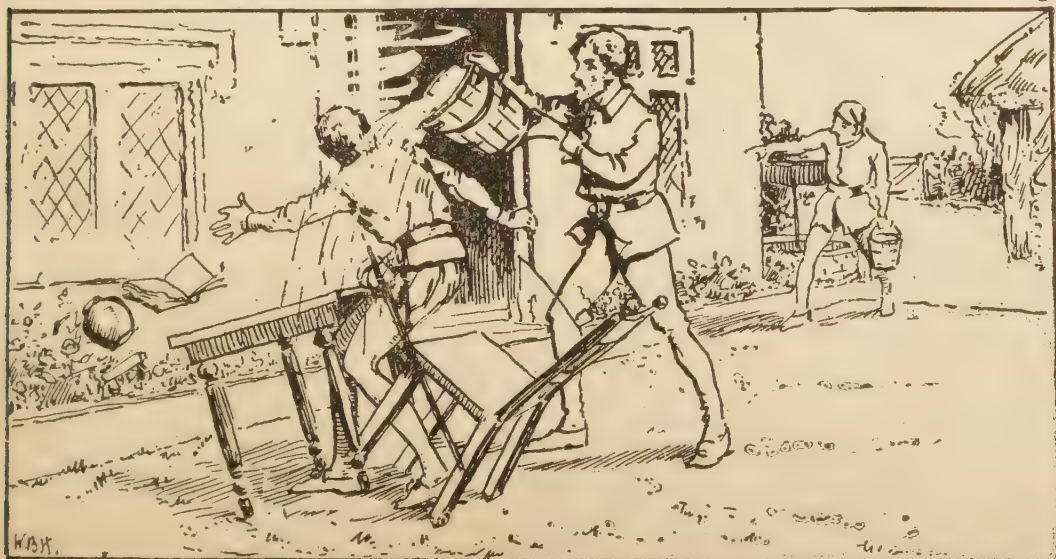
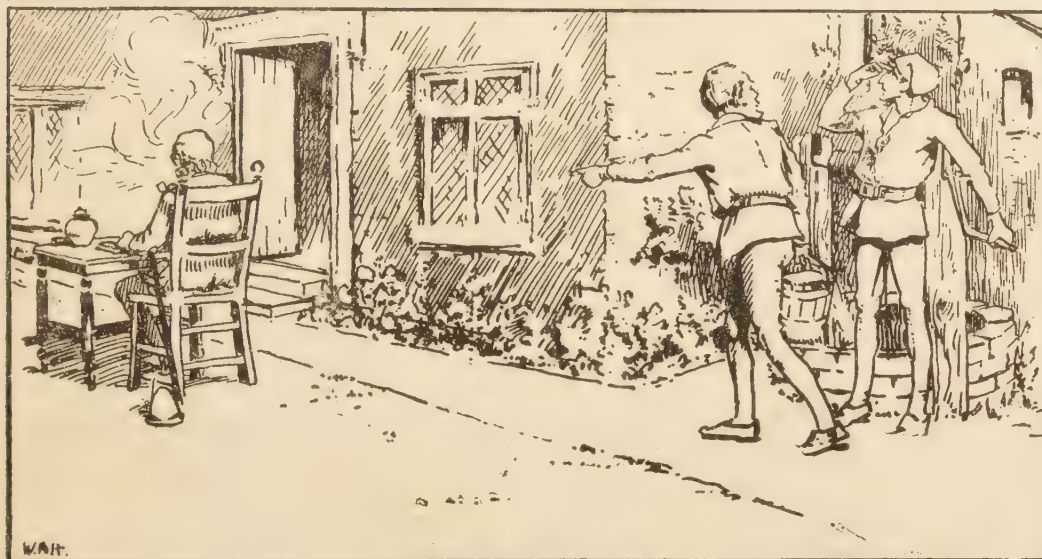
GOVIND. Yes, and when I put on a woollen one, I am wearing something which was once part of an animal.

BAPU. And what if you put on a silk one?

GOVIND. Why something that was once part of an insect. And that, I think, is queerest of all.

LESSON 54.

CONVERSATION.



LESSON 55.

WAH-WAH, THE MONKEY. I.

A MALAY LEGEND.

This is the tale of Wah-Wah, the monkey. Once upon a time, there lived in a far-eastern country, a man and his wife. They had one little daughter of whom they were very proud. They were so proud and fond of her, that they became very foolish. When she was quite young, her parents would look at her and say : "How wonderful our daughter is! No other child in the village is as beautiful as our little Wah-Wah."

Wah-Wah soon understood what they said, and as she was always hearing the same thing about herself, she began to think that it must be true, and that she was far more beautiful and clever than any of the other children.

She really did grow into a very beautiful maiden, and then her parents were anxious for her to marry. But they thought that their wonderful daughter should have a wonderful husband, and none of the young men who came, pleased them.

Wah-Wah was very proud too, and very hard to please, so that even if her parents rather liked one of the young men, she would shut herself up

in her room and tell her mother that she would have nothing to do with him.

They began to think that their wonderful daughter would never marry at all, while other girls, far less beautiful, were happily provided with husbands.



One morning, Wah-Wah sat thinking, with her chin in her hand, for a long time and then she said to her mother: "Mother, I have made up my mind to get married."

This was a very strange thing for a nice girl to say, but you must remember that Wah-Wah had

been brought up to think herself different from all other girls.

Her mother, who was really getting anxious about her daughter's future, was glad to hear that Wah-Wah had made up her mind at last, so she said: "That is good news, my daughter. Your father and I will see about it this very day."

"I am going to marry the sun," said Wah-Wah calmly.

"Whom did you say?" asked her mother.

"The sun," repeated Wah-Wah. "I love his golden, shining face. His smile is brighter and kinder than anyone else's. He is handsome, and rides in a golden chariot. I glow with warmth and pleasure when I know he is looking my way."

"Oh my child, my child," cried the mother of Wah-Wah, "whatever are you saying? This is madness."

"Why is it madness?" asked Wah-Wah.

"Our lord, the sun, would not marry any one as humble as you," said her mother.

"But I am not humble," replied Wah-Wah. "I am beautiful and clever. I am different from any of the other maidens. You have always told me so, mother."

"Yes, my child, but you are not so different that you can hope to marry the sun."

“Well I am going to do it,” said Wah-Wah, and when she spoke in that tone of voice, her mother knew that they would have a lot of trouble with her.

And it was no comfort to be told by the neighbours that the good woman and her husband had only themselves to thank for it, because they had trained their daughter in such a silly way.

That night, after Wah-Wah had gone to bed, her father talked for hours, wondering what was the best way to make their daughter see reason.

LESSON 56.

THE CHAMELEON.

Two travellers in friendly chat
 Now talked of this, and then of that ;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 “A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “Sure never lived beneath the sun ;
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue ;
 Its foot with triple claws disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! And then its hue —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ? ”

“Hold there,” the other quick replies,
“’Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“I’ve seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm ’tis blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“’Tis green, ’tis green, Sir, I assure ye”;
“Green!” cries the other in a fury —
“Why, Sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes?”
“’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies,
“For if they always serve you thus,
You’ll find them of but little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third —
To him the question they referred,
And begged he’d tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your pother,
The creature’s neither one nor t’other :
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o’er by candle-light.
I marked it well,—it’s black as jet ;
You stare,—but, Sirs, I’ve got it yet,
And can produce it.” “Pray, Sir, do,
I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”

“And I’ll be sworn, that, when you’ve seen
The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”

“Well then, at once to solve the doubt,”
Replies the man, “I’ll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I’ll set him,
If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him.”

He said : then full before their sight,
Produced the beast, and lo ! ’twas white !
Both start ; the man looks wondrous wise.—

“My children,” the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
“You all are right ; and all are wrong ;
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.”

J. MERRICK

LESSON 57.

WAH-WAH, THE MONKEY. II.

Her mother listened as a good wife should, but she thought to herself that nothing would be very much good, once Wah-Wah had made up her mind. She felt that she would like to hand the care of her daughter over to a good strong-minded man; the girl needed a husband, for she was getting very hard to manage.

They might just as well have gone to sleep, instead of talking all night, for in the morning they found that Wah-Wah had gone away. They tried to follow her, but it was no good. She had gone to marry the sun.....

For days and days, Wah-Wah went on her way through the jungle, where she lost sight of the sun altogether, but she knew she was going in the right direction, and she would reach him if she kept on going towards him.

At last the sun saw her and smiled brightly, so that Wah-Wah glowed with warmth and happiness, and smiled back at him.

"I am coming," she cried, and boldly left her face unveiled.

The sun smiled at her more brightly still, and Wah-Wah could hardly bear it. The nearer she

travelled to him, the brighter he shone upon her, and she could no longer bear to look on his beautiful shining face, or his wonderful golden chariot, for it hurt her eyes. Still she went on and on to the sun.

"I will not go back. I *will* marry him," she said to herself, and, all the time, the sun smiled; only now his smile seemed cruel rather than kind.

Indeed the nearer she got to him, the less kind he looked, and Wah-Wah began to be afraid. But her pride would not let her give in and go home again like a sensible girl.

Then, at last, she lost her way and found herself in a vast jungle, where the trees grew so close together, that it was as dark as night. Her face hurt her very much, and she had to screw up her eyes. She also heard herself talking aloud and saying a dreadful lot of nonsense.

"What has happened to me!" cried poor Wah-Wah. "I must go home again, and ask my mother."

But it was not the beautiful Wah-Wah who returned after many days.

No one would have known her, for her skin was all wrinkled and lined. Her eyes were tiny, instead of large and shining like those of the deer.

Wah-Wah had been shrivelled up in the warmth of the sun's smile, and had become a monkey.

She married a little wrinkled old man, and they had monkey children. And if you travel in that far country to-day, you will hear her, just before night falls. She is sitting in the trees, crying for the sun that has gone away for the night. She knows she has lost him, and that she is now only Wah-Wah, the monkey.



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